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GRAY HAIR, THE CHIEF.

CHAPTER I.

ALPHEUS DIGGS AND THE ROYALISTS.

An Indian yell broke the silence along the shores of the Mohawk. Too often, in the history of our country, has that yell been heard sounding through the dim night, and in most cases, it meant evil to the unfortunate inhabitants upon the American side. As if by magic, a bright flame burst up from a little clearing beside the Mohawk, and in the circle of bright light appeared the forms of many Indians, dancing about a burning cabin, and waving their gleaming hatchets in the air. Standing apart from the rest, with his arms folded upon his broad breast, and a cynical smile upon his haughty face, was a young man in the green of the Tory rangers, coolly watching the destruction of the building. He was handsome, with dark, piercing eyes, and erect form, with the straight black hair and high cheek bones which told that he was of mixed blood. Not far away, bound to the trunk of a tree, with an armed white man upon each side of him, ready to blow out his brains upon a moment's notice, was a ragged, whimsical looking forester, who seemed to have received rough usage at their hands, and at whom the half-breed, who seemed to command the Indians, looked angrily from time to time.

"I ought to order them to throw you into the fire, Alpheus Diggs," he said.

"Don't dew it, Roland," replied the forester, with a curious Yankee drawl; "I wouldn't be no kind of use tew yew then Durn it; I ain't the kind of man they make a martyr of."

"You make a tolerably good spy, though," retorted the man called Roland, knitting his dark brows.

"Spy? I ain't a spy, Roland. Who in thunder told you that lie?"

"Don't attempt to cheat me, Alph Diggs. You were seen in the Seneca country with that gray-haired villain, Eagle Eye, Red Slayer, Gray Hair, or whatever he calls himself now—the accursed Onondaga who fights for the Yankees."

"Gosh all firelock, Square Roland! Yew ain't goin' tew roast me 'cause I was in the Seneca kentry with the old chief? I ain't a fightin' man, square; I'm a trader, and a darned unlucky trader I be, tew. Dew yew mean tew say that the chief is ag'in' King George? Now don't that beat all natur'?"

"You don't belong to either side?"

"Yes I dew; I'm in favor of every man dewin' jest as he darn pleases. If he wants tew fight, let him; I ain't got nothin' tew say ag'in' it. If he don't want tew fight, I reckon it ain't right tew make him. This war is a darned bad thing fur trade, an' I dunno what tew dew abeout it."

"I'll give you one chance, my man. I am raising a company to fight against the Whigs of this region—a company of Indians and royalists, and when my company is full, I will do deeds which will make the Mohawk valley ring. I have sworn it:—I, Roland Wingate, and no man can say that I ever lied. I will teach these knaves what it is to drive me out of the country because I choose to support my lawful king. They call me Tory, traitor, red-coat—bah! They shall give me another name before they have done with me."

"But, darn it all; why dew yew burn *my* cabin?"

"Because my men wanted a bonfire, and your cabin seemed to be as dry as any. Let that answer do for you, my man. Once for all, do you join my company?"

"But I ain't a fightin' keeracter," whined Diggs. "I couldn't dew yew a bit of good; 'sides which, I'm the darnedest keward in the hull Mohawk kentry from Albany up tew Stanwix. I'd run; Lord love yewr h'art alive, yew orter see me run when I set my mind tew it! I can jest run awful."

"You can't run any faster than some of my men. I give

you five minutes' time, and if you don't join me then, my men will throw you into the fire."

"Throw me intew—good Lord! Say; I guess yew was foolin', wa'n't yew? 'Tain't noway likely yew'd throw a man intew blazin' hot coals that 'ere way."

But Roland had taken out his watch, and showed the prisoner that it was five minutes to nine.

"When I put up my watch," he said, turning to the guards, "untie him, and toss him into the fire."

The men nodded quietly. It was evident that they were used to obeying him without question, and as Alph Diggs looked from face to face, it was with a sinking at the heart, for there was no mercy in any face which he saw.

"Alphues, son of old Zack Diggs, it is high time yew left this diggin's. In other words dig eout, Diggs. Dig in yewr heels and *put!* Go ye, when yew git the chance," muttered the Yankee. "Say, Square Roland, dew yew call this fair tew an old neighbor?"

"Three minutes gone."

"Tell these critters tew ontie me. I don't avridge enny better then the rest o' the creation, and sooner then furnish forth a barbecue, I'll turn Tory. Ontie me, yew unnat'ral sons of Adam's race; I'm a Tory, I s'pose."

At a signal from their leader, the men untied the prisoner, who stood gazing mournfully at the ruins of his cabin.

"I didn't hev much of airthly goods tew call my own, square," he whined, "but even that little is gone now."

"To tell the truth, I was told that you were a spy, and had been seen with Attawan in the Seneca country."

"I was out thar, square; I don't deny it. But I'm a trader, and I wanted pelts. Gray Hair went with me to help me along the road."

"I would like to get my hands on him, once," growled Roland. "There is no man in the country who deserves the stake better than this renegade Onondaga."

"He ain't a bad feller, arter all, square. Now I'm honest, and I stick tew it that I like the old chief, and would hate orfully to hurt him."

"But you must; one condition under which alone I spare your life, is that you help me run this old fox to earth."

"What!"

"You must betray Gray Hair into my hands. The Mohawks demand it, for he has done them much evil."

"But hold on, square; dew. I've consorted with the chief this ten year, and he trusts me like a brother. If I go tew him, and ask him tew come tew sech and sech a place, he'll come. But what would yew think of a man that would play *that* game on a friend?"

"It is not a question of what I *would* do, but what you *must* do. The old Onondaga must be in my hands before two days have gone by."

"It is mighty hard, square," said the Yankee, passing his hand before his eyes. "Don't be tew rough on a feller."

"The fire is burning still," suggested Roland. "If I say the word, you go into it. Will you give your word that you will bring the chief to the Medicine Spring at sunset to-morrow?"

The Yankee bent his head for a moment as if in deep thought.

"I tell yew fair that I don't like it, square."

"I don't care whether you like or dislike it. Will you do what I ask?"

"Nothin' else will suit yew?"

"Nothing but your death."

By way of reply, Diggs raised his hand, and dealt the royalist a stunning blow between the eyes, which brought him crashing to the earth. The two guards, rushing to seize the prisoner, dashed into each other's arms, while the Yankee vanished among the trees, with a shrill laugh. Three or four Indians sprung away in pursuit, while the two whites threw water into the face of their leader to bring him to his senses. He gasped and opened his eyes.

"The treacherous dog! And he 'ain't a fightin' keeracter, either? Oh, I could cut my own throat at the thought thr I could be so fooled."

"Three of the Mohawks are after him. Perhaps they may bring back that yellow scalp of his," said one of the men.

"They are fully as likely to lose their own, if Gray Hair should happen to be upon the trail. This was a fool's errand

upon which we came, for I believed that Edda Sinclair was at the cabin, or I would not have attacked it. Hark!"

From the depths of the woods came the terrible scalp-cry, so close at hand that they knew that a warrior had taken a scalp within three hundred yards of them. The remaining Mohawks bounded up furiously, for they knew that the cry had not come from the lips of one of their friends. No; it was the *Onondaga* battle-cry, and they knew the man who uttered it, the terrible Gray Hair, the bravest Indian in the armies upon either side!

"Who is it?" cried Roland, starting to his feet. "Have the Mohawks taken the Yankee?"

"No," replied the Mohawk chief. "You have heard the scalp-cry, but it came from the lips of a brave who is not of our blood. Gray Hair, the chief, is here."

"After him, then; away!"

The Mohawks plunged into the forest, but, even as they did so a second long, wailing cry was heard in another direction, followed by a fierce laugh. A second Mohawk had fallen before the deadly arm of Gray Hair, and with a shudder of dread, the red chief of the Mohawks called his men to a halt.

"Gar-o-nec," he said, addressing Roland, "the Mohawks have not so many braves that they can afford to chase Gray Hair in the woods. He would kill them, man by man, until not a warrior was left. There is none among the Mohawks, not Brandt himself, who is so mighty as Gray Hair, the chief."

"Are the Mohawks turned cowards, then?"

"Gar-o-nec knows whether the Mohawks are cowards, for he has proved them. We have sent out three warriors already, and those warriors will never come back."

"Aha!" cried a thundering voice. "Three Mohawk scalps hang at my girdle, and I seek for more. Who among you all dares the steel hatchet of Gray Hair?"

"He is here!" cried the Mohawk. "He dares us to follow, but we will not go to certain death. Let Gar-o-nec seek for him in the woods, if he will."

"Ye are women!" cried the same voice. "I hear Manitobe speak, and he is a wise chief of the Mohawks. Three

of his braves I have given to the crows, and they are hungry yet. Will the white men come to Attawan? It is long since he has seen the blood of a traitor."

Roland Wingate was no coward, and grasping his rifle, he plunged into the bushes in the direction of the sound. As he dashed incautiously forward, he heard a quick step, and something came clipping through the leaves, but at that moment he stumbled and fell to the ground, and a bright hatchet sailing over him, laid open the cheek of a man who was advancing behind him.

"Come away, old man," cried a drawling voice. "Darn it, they'll think yew want tew pick a muss with 'em, if yew don't take keer"

It was the voice of Alpheus, the man who was not "a fightin' keeracter." When the young Tory picked himself up, the two were gone, leaving three gashed and gory forms in the woods, and one Tory cursing over his lacerated face.

CHAPTER II.

EDDA SINCLAIR AND ROLAND.

At the time when this tale opens, Northern and Central New York were made the prey of bands of royalists, recruited mainly from men who had been driven out of the country by the Whigs, and who, for that reason, hated them more fiercely. Among the families of high position which had been compelled to accompany Sir John Johnson in his flight, was the family of Roland Wingate. They had great possessions about Fort Stanwix, and it galled them to see their fair acres in the possession of the Whigs; and, like the Butlers and Johnsons, they plotted continually against the the peace of the valley. No one of the refugees was better calculated to lead men than Roland, the eldest son of his family, and he was working with a single object, to drive out the Whigs, and to retake possession of his land. Rumor said, that, like some of the sons of Sir William Johnson, the blood of an In-

dian mother flowed in Roland's veins. Be that as it may, he was beloved by the Mohawks, and held an honorary chieftainship among them. As a friend of Joseph Brandt he could do much to arouse the hatred of the great tribe against the Whigs, and he spared no pains to do this.

Before leaving the valley and openly espousing the cause of royalty, he had been affianced to Edda Sinclair, one of the belles of that region; but, since his flight, he had never heard from her in any way. By means of a trader, he sent her word that he would come to the cabin of the Yankee trader, Alpheus Diggs, who lived but a few miles from her father's house—although in a somewhat solitary region—upon a certain day. He came, accompanied by two white men and a dozen Mohawks, but, to his rage, Edda was not there, and the only occupant of the cabin was Diggs, who was smoking his pipe at the door. Out of pure wantonness, the savages had set fire to the dwelling, with the results we have seen.

"We must get back to camp at once," said Roland. "The cursed Whigs will rise, and with such a scout as the Onondaga to guide them, they will not be long in finding our trail. I am only sorry that I did not brain that Yankee rascal upon the spot."

"It would have been better, no doubt," admitted one of his men. "Would he say anything about the girl?"

"Not a word. I fear that she did not receive my message, and does not intend to come. I am very sorry, for I counted upon taking her back with me to-night."

"What will you do?"

"I must see her in some way, and while you return to camp, and put the men upon their guard against surprise, I am going to see if I cannot manage to speak to her."

"You will not go among the Whigs?"

"You shall see. If I am not back in camp by to-morrow night, proceed without me, for I shall be a prisoner or dead."

"I don't like to have you risk it, captain. Perhaps these Whig friends have turned the girl against you?"

"I don't think they could do that," declared the captain, with a look of pride. "You must understand that the girl has good sense, and loves me dearly, as I do her."

"This is a naughty world, and there are great changes in

it. A wager, my captain; five guineas to ten the girl refuses to go with you, if you find her; ten guineas even that she says she does not love you, and two to five that she insults you, and calls you a traitor. What do you say to that?"

"I say done to all these wagers," exclaimed Roland. "Edda Sinclair false to me! Edda insult me, and refuse to marry me! I am half-inclined to challenge you for the insult to her."

"Very good; I will take the men back to camp, but I beg you not to get into any trap. You know that the Whigs are famous for them, and they caught Walt Butler at Caughdenoy, and were very near hanging him."

"He was a bungler."

"I would not say as much to him, if I were you," said the other, laughing. "Walt is a bad boy to manage, when he gets angry."

"Enough; you ever leaned to the Butlers, and talked against our family, and I will see that you lose your wagers, at any rate."'

They entered the forest, and were hidden from view, but hardly had they proceeded half a mile when Roland dropped out of the ranks, and plunged into another part of the forest. The Tory who was with him shook his head as he looked after him.

"The boy is in love, and a boy in love will do anything rash. It is very well; I am sure of my wagers, for I know the Mohawk Whigs right well."

The Sinclair house was upon the northern bank of the Mohawk, not far from the present site of the town of Rome. The Sinclairs were rich; that is, they ranked with the Schuylers, Diefendorfs, and Herkimers, the leading men of that region. The house, in our day, would hardly have been regarded as a pretentious affair, but in those days it was far above the average. It was a low, rambling structure, built in the Hollandaise style, and that can hardly be said to be the most graceful style in the world. The rooms were nearly all upon the ground floor, the upper part being little better than an attic, occupied only by the servants and workmen of the place.

A young man and woman had come out of the house, and were conversing, while a Dutch boy was bringing up an elegantly caparisoned horse, with a lady's saddle. The young man was in citizen's clothes, and was a determined looking gentleman; and the lady, who resembled him in face, was evidently his sister. She was very beautiful, with regular features, brown hair and eyes, and a symmetrical figure.

"You ought to be careful, Edda," the young man was saying. "I need not tell you that the Tories and Indians are on the alert, and all who sympathize with the Whig cause have no right to ride abroad recklessly. Have you ever heard from Roland Wingate?"

"Yes, Edward; he sent me word that he would meet me at the cabin of Alpheus Diggs, the Indian trader. Mr. Diefendorf brought me word when he came back from Canada."

"When was he to be there?"

"Yesterday, brother; of course I would not go at his request, yet I would like to meet him once, and tell him my opinion of him."

"You must be careful, Edda. Roland Wingate is a reckless man, and would dare anything to possess you, for I believe that he loved you as well as it was in his cold nature to love anything."

"I think you are right, Edward. But, you need have no fear of me, for I have made up my mind, and when that is done, to me 'there is no variableness or shadow of turning.'"

"Shall I not ride with you?"

"I prefer to ride alone to-day, dear Edward. There has been nothing heard of these marauders for many weeks."

"For that very reason we must be on our guard, Edda. This quiet is unnatural on their part, and I do not believe in it. It will not be long before a blow will be struck; and, by the way, some of the men report a fire in the direction of the cabin of the trader. Perhaps your hopeful lover has been there after all."

"Surely he could not have anything against that poor simple fellow, Alpheus?"

"Is *that* your opinion of Alpheus Diggs, Edda?" said her

brother, laughing. "You are like a great many more, who are apt to judge from outside show and glitter. There is more of that 'simple' man than you think."

"He certainly does not show it," said Edda, as she took the bridle of her horse, and prepared to mount.

"Perhaps some day you may learn to know Alpheus better. One thing I will say; if you are ever in danger, and need help, you may trust the Yankee to the death."

"I always liked him," replied the girl, "but he is the last man whom I should take for a Solon. That will do, Yawcob; let go the rein."

Her brother had helped her to the saddle, and arranged her flowing habit, and she dashed away by the side of the shining Mohawk.

"I dells you vat it was, Mynheer Singlair," said the Dutch boy Yawcob. "Dot vas booty nice girls."

"You don't tell me so!" laughed Edward Sinclair.

"Oh, yah; dat vas so. Sometimes ven I look at her, I dinks she peen von of dem angels, only she ton't got no vings, dot vash all. Blenty beeples on der Mohawk spoke apout it mit me."

"I am glad that you are pleased to admire Edda," declared his young master, still smiling. "Perhaps you would like to marry her?"

"Who?" cried Yawcob, opening his round eyes to their greatest capacity. "I vas not so pig a vools ash dot, myuheer. Pesides, ven I got pigger, I was bromise to marry Gretchen Oonderdonk, unt I ton't vant more ash von vife. Sometimes I dinks von vash too many vor me."

Edward laughed again, and turned into the house, leaving his sister to ride away alone beside the shining river. She was in deep thought, for she could remember the time when the coming of Roland Wingate would have brought the happy blood to her cheeks; when she thought him a noble man, and a true friend of his country. But now that was over, and she had refused to meet him, when he had come from a far country purposely to see her.

The path led through a belt of timber nearly five miles across, and extending back toward Canada creek. She entered this timber at a canter, but the canter quickly subsided

to a walk, and dropping the rein loosely upon the neck of her steed, she paced on slowly, in deep meditation. So deep in thought was she, that she did not notice that her horse had turned out of the river path, and was pursuing a course nearly at right angles with the one he had been following; in short had taken the old wood path which led in the direction of Canada creek. He had passed over nearly a mile of the way before she started from her reverie and looked about her The road was a mere bride path, the low hanging branches brushing her person as she rode through.

"Ha, George!" she said, addressing the horse. "Whither are you taking me, you rascal? Do you think that I want to go to Canada?"

"And why not, Edda Sinclair?" cried a voice at her elbow She started and drew back quickly, as a man forced himself through the bushes on the right. Before she could rein back her horse and turn, his hand was on her bridle.

"Well met, Edda," he said, eagerly. "Were you going to Alph's cabin in the woods?"

"Roland!" she cried, in astonishment. "You here!"

It was indeed Roland Wingate who stood in the path, grasping the bridle with a firm hand, his black eyes looking at her with a strange expression.

"You are right, my dear Edda," he said with a smile; "I am here, and it seems that you are very much surprised. Wait; did I send you word that I would be at the trader's cabin yesterday? Did Mr. Rufus Diefendorf come home safe?"

"Yes. Release my bridle."

"Don't hurry me, Edda. Surely, after our long separation you might spare me a little time. You received my message in good time, then. Why did you not come?"

"Because I did not choose to do so, Roland Wingate."

"It was *dear* Roland, once upon a time," he said, softly. "Don't drive me mad, Edda. Over many weary miles, by land and water, I have come to meet you, after these weary years of parting. Night and day I have thought of the time when I could clasp you in my arms, and tell you that your image has always been with me, and I have longed for this hour. I could have sworn that Edda Sinclair would have

gone through fire and water to meet me, as I would have done for her sake. Edda, you surely do not mean to cast me off."

"I do not know what to say to you, Roland," she said, softly. "You know that our family are Whigs, and hate the very name of Tory. You have chosen to cast in your lot with royalty, and hence there can be nothing of peace between us. I have given you up long ago, and I had hoped that you would have forgotten me."

"You hate me because I am loyal to my king?" he demanded, bitterly.

"Not so, Roland; I do not hate you, but I grieve that you are arrayed against us. If you had been true, Roland; if you had chosen the side of liberty instead of that of tyranny, I would have been your wife proudly; but that hope is gone forever."

"Am I the man whom you can cast away like an old glove? You ought to know me better than that, Edda."

"I do not wish to bandy words with you, Roland. I am not sorry that we have met, for I wished to tell you with my own lips that all was at an end between us. You hear me say it, and you know that I can not change."

"Do you ask me to join the party of the Whigs, who have robbed me of my property?"

"No; I ask nothing of you."

"But suppose I do this; suppose I join your party and fight against the king?"

"Then I should despise you. No, Roland; you may turn against us, and give your sword to the aid of our enemies, but after that you are not at liberty to turn again. Follow the course you have marked out, or retire from the contest, s you may see fit; but you can not fight upon the side of reedom."

"I am glad to hear you say that, at all events," he said, "for may my arm be palsied on the day when I turn against my lawful king, and join with a host of clodhopping scoundrels to overthrow him. I only said that to try you, for I am no traitor. Will you alight, and talk with me?"

"I have nothing more to say to you."

"Excuse me; *I* have something to say to *you*, and I mean

to say it before we part, if indeed we part at all. Let me assist you to alight."

"I need no assistance, Mr. Roland Wingate. If I remain here, it is against my will, detained by superior force."

"Very well," he said, coldly. "Dismount, if you please."

She leaped lightly from the saddle, and he secured the horse by throwing the bridle over a swinging branch.

"I wish to ask you a question, my dear girl," he continued. "You see that I am not angry with you, for I know to whom I owe this display of anger on your part. It is the work of your excellent Whig relations, who think that the estates, which I am forced to leave for the time being, will make a fine addition to the Sinclair property. Of your own free will you never would have been so false to your plighted word; for as fast as woman's vows could make you, Edda Sinclair, you were mine."

"My vows were not given to a traitor to his country," she replied, in a spirited tone.

"I am no traitor. Once for all, were you or were you not troth-plighted to me?"

"I was, before you abandoned me."

"I have come to claim the fulfillment of your promise."

"I have given you your answer. If I loved you once, that love is dust and ashes now, Roland; and I did love you truly once. Now there is a bar between us, which will never be broken down."

"And you think I will let you go? No; Whig or Tory, you shall be my wife, as you promised."

"Do you think that you can terrify me into marrying you?" she exclaimed, bitterly. "I must be changed indeed, when it comes to that. Stand out of my way, sir; I desire to go about my business."

"Don't be in so much of a hurry, my dear girl. There is something more to say before we can part. Would you like to see your house in flames, the Indians dancing about it, your family exposed to their fury?"

"Do you threaten us with that, Roland Wingate? Then you are more debased than I thought you?"

"I have but to lift my finger, and the war-cloud which hangs over the Mohawk valley, now charged to repletion,

will burst upon it with deadly fury. Your family, among the first, will feel our vengeance, and you will learn, too late, what it is to defy me. If you will give me your promise to keep your plighted word with me when the war is over, I can avert this threatened destruction."

"Not even to save them would I give such a pledge."

"Then you shall go with me now, and I will find a way to tame your pride."

He caught her suddenly by the wrist, and held her firmly, in spite of her struggles to get free.

"Enough of this; you may as well give up at once, for I am going to take you to my camp. I did not threaten idly when I said that you would find me prepared."

CHAPTER III.

GRAY HAIR, THE CHIEF.

"WILL you go with me quietly, or must I tie you on your horse?" demanded Wingate as he held Edda in his firm grasp.

"You may take my dead body, but you cannot take me alive," she cried. "I will defend myself against you, villain."

One hand was free, and by a quick movement, she snatched a dagger from his belt, and presented it at his heart. The movement was so sudden that he was taken by surprise, and sprung back out of her way, still keeping between her and the horse. Turning suddenly, he threw the bridle from the branch, and the horse galloped away toward the river.

"Give up the dagger, you crazy thing," he said, fiercely. "What is your strength compared to mine?"

But the girl did not abate her resolute air. She stood defiant and menacing before him.

A moment thus they confronted each other when he spoke: "You have changed greatly, Edda. I never dreamed

that the time would come when you would direct a dagger at my heart. All is over between us, indeed. Go your way, but remember that my vengeance will yet be appeased by blood."

"I do not care for your threats. Leave the path free, and let me go."

He stepped aside as if to allow her to pass, and then, striking up her hand suddenly, he wrenched the dagger from her grasp, and clasped her in his arms.

"I have you now," he cried, "and you shall see who is master. I will break your pride, or kill you, the one or the other."

She ceased to struggle now, and held out her hands for him to bind them.

"Tie me," she said, quietly. "Brave man, bind me fast, or I may do you an injury of which you do not dream."

"I do not need to tie you," he protested, "if you promise to go quietly."

"I will *not* promise."

"Then I shall be forced to ask some of my Indian friends to help me."

"Ask me, white dog!" cried a fierce voice. "Ask Gray Hair!"

Roland turned, and there, standing in the path, he saw a man at whose appearance he had a right to tremble. It was the noted scout and warrior who bore the name Gray Hair. A man far above the ordinary hight, with thews and sinews wonderful in their development. And yet he was old; probably seventy winters had passed over his head, and his hair was of a rich iron gray, dropping upon his shoulders in heavy masses. His face, old as he was, had that noble appearance which distinguished him in his youth. His dress was simply a calico hunting-shirt, belted at the waist; buck-skin leggings and moccasins, and the feathered head dress which even Brandt did not wish to cast aside. His arms consisted of a beautiful rifle, two hatchets, and a long knife. He stood directly in the path, with his rifle poised, and his deep black eyes fixed upon the face of the young Tory.

"What do you seek here, vagabond?" hissed Roland. "Do you dare to stop the way of a king's officer?"

"Attawan once struck for the king," said the Indian, sadly, "but that was before they dared put the hand of oppression upon those I loved. When Ralph Warren fights for the Americans, Attawan cannot be upon the other side."

"You bar the way," exclaimed Roland, haughtily, waving his hand. "Move aside and let us pass."

"Is my white son in a hurry?" demanded Attawan, with a sneer. "Gray Hair has seen many winters, and he has been taught that young men ought to speak tenderly to the aged."

"If your hair had not been white, I should have shot you down long ago."

"My son is good," he said. "He is very kind not to kill a man because he is old. White man, look upon this gun. A brave man gave it to me, a man who fought by my side in a day when men were not children. He taught me how to shoot; and, old as I am, I have not forgotten how to use it. You would kill me! White man, before you could lift a finger, you would be dead."

"I have spared you thus on account of your age, but I will dally with you no more. Stand aside and let us pass, or by heaven I will kill you."

The chief still stood in the way, but his eyes never left the face of Wingate.

"Beware! Touch a weapon, and you are dead."

Roland was a gallant man, Tory as he was; and dashing the rifle suddenly aside, he flung his arms about the old chief, and strove to hurl him to the earth. But the warrior stood as immovable as a rock, looking down with a smile of contempt upon his antagonist. Then, grasping him by the shoulders, he raised him bodily from the earth, and shook him with the might of a giant. Never, in all his time, had the athletic young man been handled so rudely, and that by a person over whose head so many years had passed.

"Release me, you red hound!" he screamed. "Do you dare to lay your hands upon an officer of the king?"

"If the king were here," replied the Onondaga, "I would shake him as I shake you."

Roland, furious with passion, strove to wrench himself from the strong clasp of the old chief, but he found all his

efforts vain. He was as a little child in the grasp of those herculean arms, and he only spent his strength in vain.

"Look, white man!" cried the chief. "You have come into the Mohawk country to kill, burn, and destroy. Last night you burned the cabin of Alpheus the trader, and would have made him join your band. But Alpheus laughed in your face, and struck you to the earth. Be quiet; you ar as nothing in the hands of a weak old man."

"Release me," foamed the angry man. "How dare you hold me?"

The chief hurled him to the earth, and quickly stripped him of his pistols and dagger, which he thrust into his own belt. Then taking off Roland's belt he tied his arms at the elbow. Edda, seeing what he wanted, came forward and extended her bound hands. Keeping one foot upon the breast of the prostrate man, he took the strap from Edda's wrists, and linked the feet of his prisoner together at the ankles, in such a way as to allow him to step, but not to run.

"The tables are turned," said Edda, laughing.

"You laugh at me!" he hissed, grinding his teeth together. "Ah, well; they laugh best who laugh last. You red dog, what do you mean to do with me?"

"Let the white man beware how he speaks to Attawan, for his blood is not yet cold, and he cannot bear an insult. Look; call me a dog again, and I will tear you limb from limb."

Roland at once changed his tone. "What do you mean to do with me?" he repeated, more quietly.

"The daughter of Sinclair will speak your doom," replied the chief. "If she says kill, you feel the edge of my hatchet; if she says take you to the white man's strong place at Stanwix, you must go; if she chooses to set you free, it is her will, and the Gray Hair will listen to it, and talk with her. White girl, shall I kill your enemy?"

"No, no!" cried Edda. "Bad as he is, I would not have him killed."

"The heart of the white girl is too soft," said the chief. "See; it is only a blow of a hatchet, and he is at rest."

"I should never forgive you if you did that, chief

And I know you better; you would not be guilty of such a crime."

The chief smiled, and laid his sinewy hand upon the head of the girl.

"My daughter is right; Attawan has not a bad heart, and could not kill a man who lay bound at his feet. Shall he go to Stanwix, and be put in prison?"

"In strict justice, he ought to go there," she said, musingly. "I do not know what to say, for I feel that, if he i left at liberty, there is no safety for our family. Do yo leave it entirely to me, chief?"

"It would be well that he should lie in prison," the chief suggested.

"But if I ask it, you will let him go free?"

"Wait; this man is not alone, but has many warriors in the woods above Canada creek. They wait for him, and when he comes, many will die along the Mohawk to appease his vengeance. For their sakes he ought not to go free."

"I do not doubt that you are in the right, chief," she said, "And yet, in spite of that, I should like to set him at liberty."

At this moment the beat of hoofs was heard, and a man mounted upon Edda's horse, came dashing through the woods. As he came near, they recognized the face of the trader, Diggs.

"Hooray!" he cried. "Yew nabbed the skunk after all, chief."

The warrior nodded gravely, and Alpheus dismounted, flung the bridle over a branch, and approached the fallen man.

"It hurts my feelin's awfully tew see yew on yewr back, square, darn my hide ef it don't. Did yew think I left ruther suddent last night?"

Roland made no reply, but there was a fierce glare in his eyes.

"Don't be sulky, square; answer up like a man, dew. I had tew go last night, because I heerd the chief callin', and I had a 'p'intment with him. How dew yew seem tew feel, anyway?"

"Woe be to you if you ever fall into my hands!" replied Roland.

"Yew don't say so! Now if that ain't harberin' an unchristian sperrit, I donno nothin' abeout it. I s'pose yew would abeout skin me alive, square, 'cause I wouldn't jine yew. I couldn't, square; I ain't a fightin' keeracter."

"Say no more about it, but whatever you mean to do with me, do it at once."

"I move we take him down to Sinclair's and have th square tell us what to do."

"I should like to have him set free, Alpheus," said Edda, timidly.

"Yew would! Look here, Miss Edda; yew can't have any feelin' fer such a b'ilin' hot Tory as he is."

"No; not in the least."

"Then why shouldn't he go in the jug, as well as any other Tory?"

"I don't know," replied Edda. "Only I think he came to see me."

"Yew git eout! What did he burn my shanty for, eh?"

"Did he burn your house?"

"Yes he did; he burnt it to a cinder, and it ain't his fault that he didn't toast me over the coals. No, gal; he ain't the kind of man tew be runnin' reound loose."

"I suppose you are right, Alpheus, and I will say no more."

They raised the prisoner to his feet, and prepared to depart, when they heard footsteps, and the head of a column, marching in double file, appeared through the opening in the path, a few hundred yards away.

"Git up and dust," cried the Yankee, swinging Edda into the saddle. "Ride hard, and never mind us."

Part of the marching column was already in view, and Roland, lifting his head, hailed them with a shout of delight. They were a detachment of Tories, recruited in secret in the valley, and now marching to the appointed place of rendezvous.

"Tories, by the etarnal!" roared Alpheus Diggs. "You mean cuss, I'm minded tew put my knife in yew up to the hilt. Yell that way ag'in, and yew git it anyhow."

But the mischief was already done. The Tories had heard the shout, and caught sight of the group upon the path, and

with loud cries, they darted forward. Some of them knew both the Yankee and his red friend, and would have been glad to see them prisoners.

"I guess we'll have tew scratch gravel, chief," observed Alpheus. "Off we go; they ain't got no hosses."

They started on a run down the forest path, and a dozen of the swiftest among the Tories started in pursuit. The bonds upon the limbs of Wingate were cut.

"Don't dare to come back without him!" he screamed. "I'll roast that Yankee at a slow fire."

The two men were running on side by side, and not many yards behind them the Tories came tearing along, shouting to them to stop. Neither the Indian nor Alpheus seemed to run fast, and yet they kept their distance if they did not gain a trifle. The Tories were "tailing out" behind them, but only three kept well together, and seemed likely to overtake the flying men. For a mile this race was kept up, and only four Tories were in sight, and one of these three hundred yards behind his companions.

"I guess we'd better turn on 'em, chief," suggested the Yankee. "I never did like tew run very well, though I kin dew it putty well."

They faced about suddenly, when scarcely three rods separated them from the Tories, and as they wheeled, both discharged their rifles apparently without aim. The two leading Tories went down, and the third paused undecided. That moment of hesitation sealed his fate, for the Gray Hair came bounding down upon him, with a thrilling war-whoop. The man drew his knife, and put himself upon his guard, and as the chief advanced, thrust at his naked breast. But, Attawan bounded suddenly aside, his hatchet fell with a horrible thud, and the man lay dead at his feet. The Yankee had picked up a rifle which one of the men had dropped, and sighted on the last man, who was running for the shelter of the forest.

"That critter wants to git away, but I kinder wanter stop him."

Crack!

The man spread his arms abroad, and came to the earth with a thump, dead before he touched the grass.

"I guess we may as well sp'ile the Egyptians," the Yankee concluded, as he stooped over the body of one of the men who had fallen. "These critters can git what we lack, gold pieces in plenty. Look at that, will yew?"

Turning out the pockets of the three Tories, he collected nearly twenty-five guineas in gold and silver and now cast longing eyes at the man he had last shot.

"Look here, chief; I've got tew go threw that 'ere critter over there. Yew load up, and if the cusses come, yew pop me over one, will yew?"

The chief nodded, and Alpheus started on a run toward the fallen man. Just as he reached him three other Tories came in sight, and began to fire at him.

"I'll have tew ask yew tew stop that, strangers," he roared. "What are yew abeout? Yew'll hurt some one, fust thing yew know."

The bullets were plowing up the earth all about him as he proceeded to turn out the pockets of his enemy. The three Tories were coming up on a run, when the Yankee started up with the rifle of the fallen man in his hand.

"Anybody that knows me, knows I ain't a fightin' keer acter. But I ain't going tew stand everything. What? Shewting at me, eh? Then I'll shewt back, by gracious."

He suited the action to the word, and the foremost Tory fell. The rifle of the old chief cracked, and the second dropped, while the third sought safety in flight.

"It's all darned foolishniss in them men tew act that way," growled the Yankee, as he proceeded to strip the last men who had fallen, this time taking their belts and rifles, for he felt certain that they would not be followed any further. "Why, darn 'em; they don't seem tew think we've got enny feelin's, they don't."

He joined the chief, carrying three rifles and accouterments, and they started at once, hearing no more from their pursuers. In truth, the Tories had quite enough of it already, and had no desire to follow men who professed to be so peaceful, and yet took such good aim.

"That last chap was a born thief, chief," declared the Yankee. "I knowed afore that he'd better go, and I told him so. He stole my traps one time, and I licked him outel

the blood run deown tew his heels. Nat'rally, I'm a man of peace, but sumtimes I git riled."

The chief nodded and smiled. He had heard these protestations too often to be at all deceived.

"I wonder where the gal is?" pursued the Yankee.

"The white girl is very brave; she will escape," replied Attawan.

"She had to go the wrong way, and she mout git lost. Hush; seems tew me I hear a hoss."

The rapid beat of hoofs sounded through the woods, and in a moment more, with loosened rein and broken saddle-girth, a wild steed rushed by. Both men started and uttered cries of alarm, for they knew the horse well. It was the steed which the girl had ridden, and some great evil had befallen her, in the depths of the silent woods.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAVERN HAUNT.

WHEN the two men recovered from their first surprise and terror, they began to think what they could do to save the daughter of Sinclair. There was not a poor man in that region who did not love him for his many acts of kindness, and who would not do anything to save him and his family from harm.

"We may as well hide these here traps," observed the Yankee. "I ain't goin' tew let that 'ere gal hoe her own row, and if I know anything abeout yew, old chief, yew will help me."

"The Onondaga has not many years to live," replied Gray Hair. "Let me die working for the good white man, and I will be content to go."

"That means bizzness; now then, which way shall we go?"

"I fear that the Tories have taken her prisoner. See; the saddle-girth was broken and she fell. Perhaps in her

haste she was torn from the saddle by a branch of a tree, and lies stunned in the woods? She is on the path to Canada creek, and the Tories will find her."

"I reckon we will have tew keep pooty shady, old man; them 'ere cusses don't love us men tew much."

"My brother is right; if they caught us, they would roast us at a slow fire."

"Then we'd better keep eout of their hands; can't yew find a path that won't interfere with them?"

The Indian nodded, and they flung the weapons which they had taken into a hollow, and covered them with leaves and sticks. The chief now took the lead, and breaking into the Indian lope which covers so much ground in a day, he plunged at once into the depths of the forest. The Yankee had long since learned to imitate him on the trail, and treading in his steps, he kept pace with him through the woods as few men could have done. The Indian seemed tireless; his feet fell lightly upon the leaves and made no sound, and Alpheus the trader was not far behind him. No sticks broke under their feet, rapid as was their course; and, after a two hours' run, the chief halted in the cover and sat down upon a log.

"Let us wait," he said. "We have passed the Tories, and if they go to Canada creek we shall hear from them soon."

Alph made no reply in words, but, seating himself beside the chief, he looked carefully to his rifle to see that it was in order for use at a moment's notice. For a man of peaceful inclinations, he took great pains with his weapons, and seemed to be best pleased with those which were of the most approved kind. For half an hour not a sound was heard, and then the distant murmuring of voices could be heard in the distance, and, shortly after, the regular tread of a party, marching in order, came through the woods. Alpheus threw himself upon his face and crept forward, until, by parting the bushes with his hands, he could see the path. He had not long to wait, for the party came quickly in sight, and he saw that it was the same body of Tories who had come to the rescue of Roland Wingate, who marched at their head, with a dark and moody brow.

"Six good men gone," he said aloud, to the man who marched by his side. "That incarnate devil upon earth, the Gray Hair has the best of us every time."

"Don't cheat yourself into thinking that Diggs had nothing to do with it, captain," replied the man. "If any thing, he shot closer than the chief, and he stripped Doxstader's body under our very muzzles. If my legs had not been good, I should not be here to tell the story."

"A time will come when I shall repay these men for what they have done," declared the captain. "And to think that I had Diggs in my hands, bound and helpless, and did not kill him! The very thought of my foolishness drives me almost mad. Boyd, did you ever see this old chief before? You know that I am no baby, and yet he handled me as easily as a little child. Curse him doubly, for he took Edda Sinclair out of my hands at the moment when I had her utterly in my power."

"Why do you wish to marry the daughter of an accursed Whig, Roland?"

"Because she has cast a spell over me, I think. In spite of all she has done, and the insulting words she gave me, I love her still. The horse came this way, Dick; you can see the trail plainly."

"She is riding hard for such a place as this. Perhaps the horse got away with her, and she could not hold him in."

"That accursed Yankee pricked him with his knife as he started, and perhaps he did run away with her. Quick time, boys; forward!"

The company, about forty in number, marched on rapidly, and were soon out of sight, and Alpheus Diggs rose quickly from the earth.

"They have not got her yet, chief; I don't like this a darned bit, for I am afraid the gal is hurt."

"Wait; we may find her yet. Had you not best run on in front and reach the trail again a mile to the front? I will follow them, and if the catbird calls four times, come to the dead pine, at the place where the trout lie so thick in the stream. I will meet you there."

Alpheus caught up his rifle and darted away, making a great circuit, so that the sound of his feet could not be heard

by the Tories. His course was rapid, and after half an hour had passed away he had managed to get in front of the Tories, where he again struck the trail of the horse, and bounded rapidly forward, for at this place the branches hung low, and he knew that he could not be far from the place where the girth had broken. He had not run a hundred yards when he uttered a low cry of horror, as he caught sight of Edda Sinclair lying upon the path, silent and motionless, just as she had fallen from the saddle. The branches above her were torn as if a heavy body had passed through them, and at this point the horse had wheeled and dashed into the woods. He ran forward with an eager cry, and raising her head upon his knee, looked into her face. She lay there still and cold, and as he laid his hand upon her heart he could not feel any pulsation beneath it.

"The poor gal is dead," he murmured. "Oh, who will go to Square Sinclair and tell him this? I can't dew it, fur my life. Darn sech luck; why must the good and beautiful go, when sech rough old ccots as the chief and me escape?"

He held his hand over her mouth, and was sensible that she yet breathed, but feebly. She had been dashed from the saddle with great violence, and had been stunned.

"Hooray!" cried the trader. "She ain't gone, arter all. I've got tew git her eout of this, because them 'ere cussid Tories will be on my back."

He raised her in his arms, and darted into the woods, running at great speed, even with the burden which he carried. Edward Sinclair had not been wrong when he said that the trader was a man to be trusted in times of danger. He had not been gone five minutes when the Tories were grouped about the spot which he had just left, and were shouting to each other as they searched for some trace of the girl.

"Luck is against us again," growled Roland. "If we had followed her, instead of chasing those black-hearted thieves, we should have found her here and saved six good men."

"Captain," said a half-breed Mohawk. "Will you march the men on and leave me here?"

"For what?"

"I can find her better alone; and I *can* find her. What will you give me if I bring her to you?"

"A hundred guineas."

"They are mine already," declared the half-breed, "if you will go on to the camp with the men."

"You can trust him," averred Dick Boyd. "There is no better scout than Joe Failing among all your men. And it is the only chance, I think."

"Call in the men."

Boyd whistled and the men came in at once, fell into marching order at the command of their captain, and marched away, leaving Joe Failing studying the earth upon which the girl had fallen.

After the Yankee had carried Edda nearly half a mile he gave out, and laying her down upon a mossy bank, began to wet her lips with rum, and to bathe her face and nostrils with the strong liquor. The girl began to show signs of life, and uttered a feeble moan. Alpheus sprung to his feet and gave the call which had been agreed on between him and the chief with startling distinctness. It echoed away through the silent woods, and came to the ear of Gray Hair as he was steadily pursuing the trail of the Tories. He at once turned aside, for he knew that the trader had news for him, and was following the course of the creek, when the signal was repeated close at hand.

"He is near," said the chief as he ran rapidly in the direction from which the sound came. "Good; let him answer this call."

He raised his hand to his mouth and uttered the peculiar cry of the striped squirrel or chipmunk. It was answered at once, and the chief hurried on, guided by an occasional chirp from the lips of his friend, and found him seated upon a hillock, with the head of Edda resting on his knee.

"She is badly hurt, chief," he explained. "A darned old branch knocked her eout of the saddle, and hurt her awful."

"She is not safe here," protested the chief. "The Tories may find your trail and follow."

"But she can't travel."

"We will carry her," replied Attawan. "Has my good brother forgotten how to make a litter of boughs?"

The chief took his hatchet and cut down three or four light hickory poles, which he laid together. Upon these he

laid cross pieces and bound them hastily with buck-skin thongs, until he had formed a strong but light framework. Tearing down a quantity of pine boughs he laid them upon the litter, and over these a layer of soft moss.

The still senseless form of Edda was laid upon the moss, and the two strong men lifted the litter and started up the stream at a rapid pace. The slight motion drew low moans of pain from the wounded girl, and she half-raised her head.

"Lay still, gal," admonished Alpheus. "Yew are in good hands."

"Where am I?" she asked, feebly. "I felt a shock, and then all was over."

"I reckon so, gal; keep still and let us work."

For nearly an hour they tramped on through the forest, and reached the place where the creek, running between high banks, poured into the larger stream. Here they halted, and laid the litter down. The chief at once hurried away, and began to gather herbs, with the nature of which he was well acquainted. In a short time he had collected those which he required; these he put in his tin cup over the fire, adding water as was required, until he had made a lotion of the required strength. By this time Edda was able to sit up, but complained of a great pain in her head and neck.

"Good medicine here," answered the chief, tapping the cup with a stick. "Cure you quick; Indian medicine."

He set the cup aside to cool, and when he could put his fingers in it, began to bathe her neck and the back of the head in the steaming decoction. Then he told her to drink a little, and she felt relieved at once.

"Edda will not be able to move to-night," assumed the Yankee, "and I make a motion that we dig eout, and see after our Tory friends. I'd like dreadful well tew drop on 'em abeout this time to-morrow, with abeout fifty of the boys. Heow we would make 'em scratch gravel!"

"It is good; but Edda would not like to stay alone" the chief suggested.

"Jess so; but I guess I can find a place that she wouldn't be afraid tew stay in."

"Does my brother mean the cave in the rock?"

"Yes."

"She would be safe there if she is not afraid."

"Do as you wish," she replied. "It is impossible for me to travel to-night, and I would not interfere with any work you may have to do. But does it not seem strange to see that man of peace, Alpheus Diggs, engaged in such work as this?"

"Stranger things happen in this wicked world," replied Alph, with a grin. "Yew see I was fairly driv' tew it they wouldn't let me alone, not a darned minnit. I pleaded with 'em tew let me be, 'cause I wa'n't a fightin' keeracter, but they wouldn't. The hull caboodle had got up a conspiracy ag'in' me, and was just beound tew have me fite."

"My brother Edward gave me a hint this morning that your nature was not entirely peaceful," confessed Edda. "Do you wish to go upon your scout at once?"

"We'll put yew in a safe place fust," replied Alpheus. "Git on the litter, and we will kerry yew."

"Is it far?"

"Maybe five hundred yards."

"Then I will walk. I can do that easily enough, and I will not trouble you to carry me."

Edda rose, albeit with some pain, and followed the chief, supported by the strong arm of Alph Diggs. After a short walk they came to an irregular limestone bluff, and after looking carefully about him, the chief pulled aside some trailing vines which screened the entrance to a little cave in the limestone, and signed to her to enter. The opening through which she passed was just wide enough to permit her to pass, and she stood in a little room, dimly lighted, with a hard stone floor, dry and neat. The chief did not enter the cave at once, but turned into the bushes, from which he brought out two heavy bear-skin robes, which he threw down upon the floor.

"We shall be back by midnight," said Alpheus, "and while we are gone, yew jest take it easy. I guess thar ain't three people in these Eunited States that know this hole, and it ain't a bear hole, 'cause we killed the inhabitants when we took possession. Dew yew think yew will feel at all skeery?"

Oh no, it is a very snug hiding-place," replied Edda.

"'Cause, if yew feel the least trifle skeery, wun of us kin stay. Only we tew chaps like tew skeout together; we've kinder used tew wun another's ways."

"You may go without fear, for I have passed a night in worse quarters. You might leave me a weapon of some kind in case I should need one."

"Can yew shoot a pistol?"

"Certainly."

The chief took the pistols which had belonged to Roland Wingate from his belt and handed them to her. She raised the lock to see if they were loaded and laid them down upon a dry shelf close to her hand.

"Yew feel all safe neow?"

"Have no fear of me; I shall do well enough."

"Wait," said the chief. "If we do not come back before morning, something will have happened to us. Then you must go to the creek, and follow it down-stream until you get to the fork. Then you will know the way home."

The two brave men shouldered their pieces, bade her good-by and marched away together through the woods, leaving Edda in this strange retreat.

CHAPTER V.

ALPHEUS DIGGS IN A SCRAPE.

The scouts marched on rapidly, saying little to each other, for they had long ago learned that it is not well to waste time upon a trail by useless talking. They took a course up the creek, which would bring them out somewhere near the forks. They had not proceeded far when they heard the murmur of voices, and concealed themselves in the bushes. Directly after, five men passed on a rapid walk, whom Alpheus Diggs recognized as well known Tories of the valley. They were following an old forest trail, which joined the Canada creek trail five miles further on."

"Thar" said Alph, when they had passed. "Cuss my country if the hull b'ilin' of Tories abeout this place ain't rustlin' reound prodigious. Swan tew man, if it ain't pesky curi's Don't it seem tew occur tew yew that they've got a camp up this a-way?"

"My brother is right; they have a camp, and we are going to find it."

"If I can't strike a bee line fur that air camp, an' gi thar in half an hour, I'm a skunk. Why, blame it all, the air up on Canada creek, and I'll bet my bottom shilling they air in the gulch."

"Hugh!" grunted the chief. "My brother has a long head, and he is right. See; we will go to the gulch."

They slung their rifles and took a slow trot through the woods, pursuing a narrow foot path known best to these old hunters. They had tramped the woods together for years, and every cross path, every nook in the woods, every rippling stream and shining lake, was well known to them. Alpheus Diggs, simple as he seemed, was a woodman in every sense of the word, and a fit companion for that old trail-hunter, Attawan.

For two hours they kept up this long Indian lope, Alpheus following closely in the footsteps of the Indian, until they reached the first rapid. Every trail they passed over bore the marks of feet, and it was evident that men had been gathering for some days.

"If thar ain't a big gatherin' of Tories 'round these diggin's abeout this time of day, then I miss my guess. It is cluss by, tew."

"Very close," cried an angry voice at his ear. "Seize them, boys; this is better luck than I ever dreamed of."

Fifty men surrounded them, rising from the bushes on every side, as if by magic. They had run into a very nest of Tories, and the man who had given this loud order was Roland Wingate.

"Run, old man!" roared Diggs. "Git away if yew can. I'll dew likewise."

He flung himself headlong upon the men in front, and knocked two of them head over heels, planting his blows with the skill of a prize fighter. But, half a dozen stalwart

bordermen were on him at once, and he was dragged to the earth, vociferating against such treatment of a peaceable man. In striving to escape he had lost sight of the Gray Hair for the moment, but when he lay bound and panting on the grass, he turned his head to look for his companion. He was not in sight; two Tories lay badly wounded upon the sod, and the clamor dying away in the forest told that the Tories and Indians were in pursuit of the Onondaga, who had managed to break through them. The Yankee laughed softly at the idea of their overtaking the old Indian in his own woods.

"Oh, jiminy crickey! When the old chap lets himself go, how he will throw the dust behind him! It is all the same, but I guess I'm in a rayther tight box."

"Lift him up," commanded Roland Wingate, sternly. "I want to see the face of this traitor."

"Who be yew talkin' abeout?" demanded Alpheus, looking about him in an innocent manner. "Thar ain't no traitors here, as I sees. I s'pose yew don't call *yewrselves* traitors, dew yew?"

"You will find in good time who are the traitors, my man," threatened Roland, angrily. "I will teach you that I am not the man to be played with."

"I ain't played with yew, as I knows on."

"You dog! Did you not promise to join me, on the night when—"

"You burned my little log cabin, and sp'iled the few things I had in the world. Oh yes, square; that was a pesky good time tew make a man promise suthin' of that kind," replied Diggs.

"But you promised, and from that hour I consider you a a deserter."

"Darn ye, I *never* 'listed. It ain't my way tew 'list in the army, 'cause a more peaceful man don't live on the face of the creatid airth."

"You scoundrel! Did not you, and that red fiend who was with you, kill six of my best men this very day? And did you not rob me of my promised wife, and aid her to escape?"

"Me!" roared Alpheus. "What in thunder air yew talk

in' abeout? I ain't killed nobody, nor it a'n't my way tew be t'arin' lovin' wives from the desolate buzzums of their lords—I guess yew hav' seen my twin brother, the most or'nary and owdashus cuss in the State of Noo York. Why, square, I've dun more ginnewine weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth on account of that air twin brother of mine than yew ever heerd of."

"You lie!" shouted one of the Tories. "You never had a brother."

"Never had a—sufferin' jonadab! Never had a twin brother, James Augustus, beloved of my agid father, the delight of my ansbint mother! Clem Doxstader, when yew say that, yew don't know how bad I feel. Yew didn't know my brother, 'n course, 'cause he only come up tew York State a few short moons ago. But, he's gi'n me heaps of trubble since."

"Would you have the face to deny that you were with Attawan when we chased you on the trail to the Mohawk?"

"Deny it? In course I deny it, p'int blank."

"Wait," ordered Roland Wingate. "The Yankee who killed my men also robbed their bodies, and if you search this fellow, and don't find golden guineas and watches on his person, I shall think that he really has a twin brother."

"Goldin guineas? Watches? Sech things as them have bin strangers tew me fur twice five weary years. S'arch me, s'arch me. I am willin' tew die if yew find any bigger money on me than a shillin'. I give yew leave to hang me if I lie."

He was searched, but neither the money nor the watches could be found upon him. Two or three shillings considerably pocket worn, and a few pennies and half-pence, completed his worldly wealth.

"Didn't I tell yew?" he said. "I ain't got a guinea in the world, and it hurts my feelin's dreadful tew be accused of it. Thar ain't much gold money hangin' reound these clothes."

"What have you done with the money and the watches?" demanded Roland. "You may as well tell me at once."

"I guess yew ain't quite sure abeout my brother yit. He's got 'em, I guess."

"Nonsense; what have you done with them?"

"Oh, my be-ruther, my be-ruther! Why have yew done this?"

"Bring out a file of men, and set this rascal with his back to yonder tree. You have a brother who looks exactly like you, it seems. Well, I will shoot you now, and as soon as I can catch your double, I will give him a volley, and I shall then be certain of the right one."

"Goin' tew shewt me, eh? Now see here; ain't that a waste of the raw material? Couldn't yew put me to no better use than that?"

"If you were not such a traitorous rascal, I might make you useful; but who can depend upon you?"

"I dunno; darn that brother of mine. When I catch him, I reckon tew forgit my peaceful natur' an' strike him tew the airth. I will, by the livin' grashus."

"Now I will give you one warning, my friend," said Wingate. "If you as much as whisper your brother to me again, I will have you shot upon the spot. As it is, bring him along to camp."

"Shall we blindfold him, captain?"

"Why should you. I mean to give him a trial, and shoot him if he does not prove to me that he knows how to be faithful. By the way; what have you done with Edda?"

"I dunno."

"You deny that you found her on the trail, and aided her to escape?"

"No, I guess not. But my broth—I mean yew see her git on her hoss and put eout?"

"Yes; I saw that. Do you not know where she has gone?"

The Yankee shook his head. His feet were unbound, and a man walked on each side of him, with a loaded pistol in his hand, with orders to shoot him down at the slightest effort to escape upon his part. But, Alpheus Diggs was too old a bird to take any chances of that kind, and his conduct was perfectly lamblike. Just as they moved away those who had been in pursuit of the old chief came in, empty handed.

"We couldn't catch him, captain; he ran like a stag."

"I kinder reckoned yew wouldn't be able to ketch the old

chief," laughed Alpheus. "He's an orful chap tew run, is the chief; I don't think, now, I r'ally don't, that any Tory in the hull kentry could leg it like the chief."

"Silence!" ordered Wingate. "Don't let me hear any more from you."

"I'm dumb, capt'in; but the chief *can* run orful, I rather guess."

A walk of half a mile brought them to the camp. It had been chosen with great care, and was in a position which could have been made good against a strong force attacking it. It was on the crest of a limestone ridge, surrounded by a sort of parapet of the same rock, upon the very brink of the great cliff which at this point overhung Canada creek. In this camp nearly three hundred men were to be seen, passing the hours in various games of chance, throwing quoits, and wrestling. One third of this force was white men, and the rest nearly all Mohawk Indians. The Indians, as usual with them, were seated in stolid indifference about the fires, or stalking to and fro about the limestone cliffs, amid the beautiful scenery of this strange place. For miles along this stream is a series of picturesque cascades, the most noted of which are at this point, near Trenton Falls. Along its banks the Indian and his foeman had struggled for centuries, and every rock, tree, and shrub had a history of blood and death.

"It's a sweet scented sort of a place," suggested Alpheus. "Drive on your waggin, square; whatever yew mean tew dew with me, dew it quick."

"Are you in a hurry to die, then?"

"I dunno as I seem tew keer much, square. If it's anyway greeable tew yew, I'd jest ez lieve stay on the airth a while longer. But, if it is goin' tew interfere with yewr plans, I kin go."

"You have been a neighbor of mine for years, and I want to save you if I can," replied Roland.

"You can't save him, captain," put in the burly Tory, Clem Doxstader. "I am not the man to let the Whig who killed my brother and plundered his dead body, live to boast of it. I demand his life."

"Don't try to drive me, Clem," warned Roland, knitting

his brows. 'If I say that this man shall live, he is as safe as if at home on the Mohawk."

"But you haven't said it, and you don't need to say it, if you want to keep good friends with the men. Come now; I've done as much as any one to raise this party, and I think that you owe me something."

"That is all right, Clem, as long as you don't threaten] 'ome here, and let us talk it over."

They moved to one side and conversed in low tones.

"Now that red-hot Tory, Clem Doxstader, wants my life," muttered Alpheus. "Seems tew me I kinder remember suthin' about layin' out a brother for him, and lifting a matter of twenty guineas from his pockets. I'd like to go away; I'd like tew git Ed Sinclair and some of the boys, and bu'st up this camp. But I guess my peaceful days are over."

Doxstader seemed to be in dead earnest, and from time to time he pointed at Alpheus in a threatening way.

"If I could only pevail on 'em not to roast me afore night, perhaps I mout dig out somehow. But I guess they won't give me the chance if Doxstader has his way."

The conversation between the two Tories was quickly over, and Doxstader came up to the prisoner.

"You are my prisoner, Diggs," he hissed. "I've done enough for the captain so that he gives me the chance to revenge my brother, and I am going to do it."

"All right, Clem; I ain't got any thing tew say against it."

"You've heard of me before, and you know that I am a man of my word. You've got to die, and I've tried to think of a good way to make you suffer. I might give you to the Indians and let them torture you."

"That would be crack fun, wouldn't it, Clem? Why don't yew dew it?"

"Yes, but it would be their sport, not mine. No; I've thought of a better way, and when I tell you what it is, it will please you. Here, boys, bring him along."

A dozen of the Tories seized him, and dragged him after Doxstader, and the Tory led the way down the cliff, until he reached the ravine below. What was he going to do?

CHAPTER VI.

A HORRIBLE DOOM.

We have said that this fork of Canada creek was a succession of cascades, tumbling over the limestone ledges, some of them from a great hight. At the point where Doxstader halted, a stream of water had worked its way through the rocks, and dropped from the hight of fifty feet, in a stream not thicker than a man's finger. There was no wind, and this little stream dropped unbroken upon the rocks, in which it had worn out a hole during the lapse of years, nearly in the shape of an arm-chair. In this place they seated the prisoner, and bound him in his place by piling heavy stones upon green withes laid across his limbs.

This brought his head directly under the falling stream of water. But it was necessary to keep his head still, and a sort of framework was quickly formed of light cedar boughs, which prevented him from turning his head from side to side. In this position the thin stream dropped directly upon the crown of his head. It was now nearly seven o'clock in the evening, and objects at a distance could hardly be distinguished.

"I'll leave you here for half an hour or so," explained Doxstader, with a grin. "If you want me, you can call me I am going to camp to get my supper. Come along, boys."

Alpheus had never dreamed of this refinement of cruelty. At first thought it would seem that the falling of this little jet of water upon his head, in that mild summer night, would be slight punishment. But Diggs knew better, and strove in every way to wrench his head aside, so that the water might not drop continually upon the same spot. At first it was nothing, but as the moments passed by it became the very refinement of torture. The first effect was a partial numbness extending from the crown of the head to the base of the neck. This was succeeded by a burning sensation, and then by darting pains, and the torture began in dreadful earnest.

Alpheus Diggs, in spite of his appearance, was both a brave and hardy man. He had endured the tortures of hunger and thirst.

He had lain upon a battle-field wounded and bleeding.

He had marched with blistered feet over burning sand.

He had engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the bear and the panther, and felt their teeth and claws mangling his flesh. All this he had endured, and yet lived; they were but play as compared with the agonies which he now suffered. At each throe of agony, it seemed as if red-hot needles pierced his brain, and in his pain he uttered such a piercing cry that the old rocks echoed back the sound. The Tories and Indians now appeared trooping down the rocks to witness his torture, and a motley group of abandoned wretches, some of them bearing torches in their hands, stood about him.

"My brother Doxstader was right," observed a cruel looking Indian. "The tortures of the white man are better than those of the simple Indians. See; his face works strangely, his eyes gleam like points of fire. It is better than the stake and torch of the Indian."

"Devils!" screamed Diggs. "If I fought yew, I fought yew like a man. Shoot me through the head, and put an end to my misery. I am ready to die, since die I must."

"Not yet," remarked Doxstader. "Do you feel it? is it any torture to you now?"

"All the tortures of the pit. Red-hot daggers pierce my head through and through. My brain is all on fire."

"Ah, good! This suits me well, Alpheus Diggs. You did not think when you shot down my brother, that Clem Doxstader might know how to avenge him. Do you think I am fool enough to miss one groan, by putting you out of pain? No, no! Groan, scream, yell out your agony, for it does me good."

"Yew are wuss than the Injuns," groaned Alpheus. "I'll do my best tew make you miss some groans. But it is awful, awful!"

The brave man repressed, as much as possible, the groans which would at times break from his tortured bosom. But every line of his face showed that he was in fearful agony.

Drip! drip! drip!

What is this?

The supply of water is failing, and the drops do not always touch the head of the doomed man. They fall, indeed, but not in the same line.

"Catch hold of him, and move his cursed head back a little," hissed Doxstader. "The water does not touch him on the right spot now."

The vile associates of the Tory seized him, and forced his head back. But, scarcely had they done so when the water turned aside from its natural course, was running down the limestone at least a yard to the right.

"Curse the water!" cried Doxstader. "Something has fallen into the channel from above, and turned it from its course. Jump up there, Jim Frizzel, and set it right."

The Tory to whom he spoke began the ascent of the rocks by the side of the cascade. He had nearly reached the summit when he was seen to release his hold upon the rocks, and come rolling down upon the platform, his body bounding from rock to rock in his descent.

"The dunderhead has hurt himself," shouted Doxstader. "Curse the fool; he is the last man I ever expected to lose his footing among the rocks. Help him up, some of you."

They ran to raise the body of the fallen man, but he was dead. And as they looked at him, they saw that his skull was crushed like an eggshell.

"Carry him up to the camp, boys," commanded the Tory. "I'm mighty sorry for him, for he was a good fellow, after all. Here, Lightfoot; go up there and clear out the channel. *You* won't fall, at any rate."

It was now so dark that they could just make out a moving figure after half the ascent had been made. The Mohawk sprung nimbly up the rocks, and had nearly reached the summit, when, to the surprise and terror of all, he came tumbling back among them. And when they ran to lift him, he also was dead and in the same way as Frizzel.

The Tories and Indians looked in each other's faces in terror and surprise. How had it happened that Lightfoot, the most nimble among the Mohawk braves, had lost his footing among the rocks? Yet it might have been nothing more than an accident, and as yet Doxstader so regarded it. The

water must be cleared out if they would go on with their cruel sport, and volunteers were ready to make the ascent.

"Two of you go up this time," Doxstader now ordered. "Take torches with you, and be careful, for we have lost two good men by foolhardiness. You will need the torches to see what is the trouble up there."

An Indian and Tory sprung up the rocks together, each carrying a torch in his hand. They went up slowly and carefully, the Mohawk in advance, examining each spot upon which he was to set his foot. The rocks were smeared with the blood of the two men who had already fallen, and as they approached the fatal spot near the crest, the Indian halted.

"You go first," he said.

"Oh, get out. Don't be a fool, Indian; how can I pass you?"

"Me give you plenty room," replied the Mohawk. "Heap plenty, me give."

"Oh, go along. There ain't any thing wrong up there only they didn't have any torches and their feet slipped."

'Hurry up!" roared Doxstader from below. "What do you mean by lagging in that way, you two?"

"The Injun won't go ahead," shouted the Tory. "He wants me to crowd past him."

The chief who stood by the side of Doxstader, shouted an order to the brave, who at once advanced, holding up his torch in front. At this moment the torches went out with a sharp hiss, and the two men were in utter darkness.

"The fools have let their torches out," cried Doxstader, ingrily. "Everything seems to work against us, somehow."

He had scarcely spoken when a dull thud was heard above him, followed by another, and two bodies came rolling down the rocks.

The Indian and Tory had fallen as had the others before them. As they struck the rocks, cries of horror were heard, and they were surrounded by eager friends. But that voiceless clay could give no answer, for both men were dead.

"Perdition seize me if this is not something more than an accident," howled Doxstader. "These four men never fell

by accident. Some hand turned aside the water, and the same hand struck them down."

Whose hand had done this, if indeed human agency had been able to do so much?

Clem Doxstader, Tory and villain as he was, had the merit of a certain bulldog bravery, which would face any danger which he could *see*. But this strange attack in the darkness, unmanned him for the moment.

"Hush!" said the Indian chief. "My brother is not wise, for he does not see the hand of the spirit of the rocks in this. No man's hand has slain Lightfoot and Dan-na-moh; no man's hand has slain the two white men. The spirit is angry with us because we have taken his stream to torture the white man."

"Nonsense."

"Doxstader will not believe. Let him mount the rocks, and see what his fate will be."

"Dare you follow me?"

The Indian shook his head. He had been awed by these strange events, and dared not move.

"Are you a coward?"

"Painted Hand is not a coward; he is a chief, and the son of a chief. But he fears the spirit of the rocks."

"Let half a dozen of your warriors stay here and guard the prisoner. The rest of you, if you are men, follow me, and I will show you this spirit whom you fear."

He sprung up the rocks, but not in the place where the rest had ascended. The others, made brave by his boldness, followed him at once, leaving four Mohawks in charge of the prisoner, still bound and motionless.

CHAPTER VII.

JOE FAILING'S PRISONER.

DOXSTADER, closely followed by his men, reached the summit of the cliff quickly, where he was met by Roland Wingate.

"What are you doing with that man, Doxstader? I did not give you leave to torture him."

'This is no time to bandy words about it, Captain Wingate. Some one is hidden among the rocks, and has already killed four of our men; I am going to unearth the scoundrel."

"I am with you, if you think that," cried Wingate. "Lead the way."

"He is hidden at the crest, where the cascade begins," declared the Tory. "Curse him, if we can only take him he shall suffer as man never suffered before. The foolish Indians think that it is a spirit, and are afraid to search."

"Come on, then; I fear no spirits, not I. Mortal men, with weapons in their hands, may frighten me, but not ghosts. Torches, torches, and search!"

The Tories, inspirited by the bravery of their leaders, followed them boldly. The torches lighted up the gloomy scene, the dark foliage of the pines, the massive rocks and the dark flowing waters of Canada creek. They reached the place from which the men had fallen, and began their search among the scattered bowlders, but could find no sign of the presence of any person. The fissure through which the jet fell which had been used in the torture of the Yankee was indeed blocked up, but in such a way that it might have been done by the accidental crumbling of a fragment of the soft limestone; but there was nothing to make it certain that the hand of man had done the work.

"This looks queer," said Roland. 'Are you sure that the men did not fall by accident."

"They might have done it," confessed Doxstader, "but

they were all old woodmen, and I can not see how it could have been"

He had scarcely spoken when wild yells of terror were heard upon the platform below, where they had left the prisoner in charge of the savages. Heavy blows were heard, and a hasty scramble on the part of the savages, who had heard the words of their chief, and were eager to get out of the way of the spirit of the rocks.

"*There* is your ghost!" shouted Roland. "For a spirit, I think he strikes hard. Hold your torches, and let us get down there as quickly as possible."

They descended the cliff at the very spot from which the four men had fallen, and, strange as it may seem, no angry spirit hand was lifted against them. They came too late, for when they reached the platform two savages lay extended upon the rocks, and Alpheus Diggs had disappeared.

"You see what your thirst for revenge amounts to, Doxstader," exclaimed Roland, in an angry tone. "If you had taken him out and had him shot, as I wished, that would have been the end of it. As it is, our gathering is known, and we must look to ourselves, for I believe that we have to deal with the most subtle foe in the Mohawk country. Ten thousand curses on the luck."

"I thought I had him fast," replied the crestfallen Doxstader. "Where can he have gone, and who helped him?"

"It don't matter much now, as I can see. He is gone, and takes with him a knowledge of our numbers and position, and if we stay here, we shall have a red hot nest of Whigs on our backs in two days' time."

"What shall we do?"

"I will think of it. In my opinion, the best way is to strike at once, instead of waiting for more men. Sinclair shall feel my vengeance first of all, in revenge for the way in which he has dared to work against me."

"If ever I catch that Yankee again, I shall not wait for the water to kill him," hissed Doxstader. "Let's get back to camp. I've got a few bottles of good wine, and we will make a night of it."

"That cursed half-breed has not kept his word, either

He said that he could find Edda Sinclair, and you see that he has not done it."

"Joe will find her if she is above ground," declared Boyd, who was standing near. "Come; let us punish Doxstader's wine, in revenge for what he has done."

Several parties of Indians scattered through the woods, in the vain hope that they might be able to find the Yankee. But once free, Alph Diggs was not the man to be easily retaken, and it is needless to say that they came back with empty hands. The officers returned to the camp, and as they entered it a man came forward to meet them.

"Is that the captain?" demanded the voice of Joe Failing.

"Yes, yes; it that you, Joe?"

"This is me."

"Any luck?"

"I have earned a hundred guineas, if you keep your word."

"What do you mean?" cried the captain, eagerly.

"Come this way."

He followed the half-breed to the center of the camp, and there, seated by one of the fires, and guarded by two men, sat Edda Sinclair.

"You have earned your money, Joe," said Roland, quickly. "Come to me in the morning, and it shall be counted out to you in golden king's-images. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly; the captain's word is as good as his bond."

Roland approached Edda, and laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder. She shook off his hand angrily, and refused to look at him.

"Why so sulky, my dear girl? I am proud beyond measure to be able to offer you the hospitalities of my camp."

"Then it was by your orders that I am dragged to this place, badly hurt as I was, and scarcely able to move?" she said, slowly.

"Hurt; how were you hurt?"

"By a fall from my horse, Mr. Roland Wingate. But for the brave man who found me, I might have been a prey to the wolves."

"But I do not understand."

"I was hit by a low branch, and thrown from the saddle While I lay senseless on the earth, Alpheus Diggs found me and carried me away to a place of safety."

"I told you so," said Boyd. "He is sure to have his finger in the pie if there is the ghost of a chance."

"Was the chief with him?" demanded Wingate.

"Not at that time; he joined us afterward."

"It must have been Alph's brother whom she saw," suggested Boyd, laughing. "You have a Yankee's word that his twin brother has caused him a good deal of uneasiness."

"Let us catch him again, that is all I ask," said Roland, grating his teeth. "But be that as it may, you are now here, where I intended to have you, if that red scoundrel had not come between us."

"The Gray Hair is not a scoundrel," cried Edda. "He is a braver and a better man than any one I see before me at this moment."

"You are complimentary."

"He does not need to be a very good man to be far superior to any here," and her tone was full of the contempt and anger she felt.

"She rather rubs us," thought Boyd, laughing. "I don't know but we deserve it. Good faith, Dick Boyd has many things laid to his charge, but this is the first time I have ever had a hand in kidknapping ladies."

"We only emulate the fathers of old Rome, who stole the Sabine women," assured Roland, looking at Edda in a strange way. "I wish to ask you a question, Miss Sinclair. If I leave you at liberty, will you give me your word not to attempt to escape?"

"I will make no promise, as I fully intend to escape with the first opportunity."

"Then I shall be forced to put you under guard."

"Just as you like; you know well that if I made you the promise you require, I would keep it. That is enough upon the subject, and in future, although I am your prisoner, you cannot force me to talk against my will."

"That is all I need say to you, then. Nelson and Barnes, I place you as guard over this young lady. You will receive a guinea each if she is here in the morning, and I will

hang you to the highest maple in the woods if she is *not*. You understand me?"

The men nodded without speaking. They knew their leader well enough to believe that he would keep his word with them, and calling his officers, Boyd and Doxstader, and the chief, Painted Hand, he went away to "punish" Doxstader's wine, leavingt his girl of gentle culture under the charge of two brutal and ignorant Tories.

"I guess we may as well put a hitch on her, Nate," said the man Barnes. "If she sh'u'd slip away, it would go mighty hard with us."

He proceeded at once to tie Edda's hands behind her, in spite of her protestations.

"I vally my neck just a trifle, Miss; and if you was to get away, the captain would swing us up, sure. Under the sarcumstances, then, I mout as well tie you. Sit down on the airth ag'inst the little tree."

Edda complied, and he bound his sword-belt about her waist, also passing it around the tree, and buckling it fast.

"Thar," he said, "I guess you ar' anchored where you will stay, my lady. Now, Nate, we'll keep watch and watch. You lop down here and take a snooze, and when I git sleepy I'll wake you up. You can't say no fairer than that."

Nate complied, and Barnes, after walking around for a while, lit his pipe and sat down close to his prisoner, with the rifle across his knees. He was a burly, loud-mouthed, brutal wretch, who had more than one indictment hanging over him in his native town of Schenectady. He had left staid old "Dorrup" between two days, and had drifted naturally into the Tory ranks.

"Let's hev a little argyment, Miss," he began. "You hold by the blasted Whigs, and I sw'ar by the royalists."

"Do you care much for either, my man?"

"That's as it may hereafter appear," returned Barnes, with a grin.

"Would you like to make a hundred guineas easily?" she asked.

"Just wait a minnit, gal," whispered the man, "and when you speak ag'in, not quite so loud, if you please."

He stooped and inspected the face of his fellow guard to

see if he was asleep. There was no doubt of it, for the fellow was tired out, and was snoring quite loudly.

"You kin speak now," said Barnes. "What was that you said about a hunderd guineas?"

"I asked you if that amount was any temptation to you?"

"Not so much as a hunderd an' fifty."

"Then the last amount is rather tempting to you?"

"You are just right."

"Then listen to me. This ring which you see in my hand is a diamond of the first water, and is worth two hundred pounds. I will give you that if you will take me safe to the Mohawk."

"I don't like jewels," replied the man. "When I come to sell it, some cuss would up and say I stole it, and the Jews wouldn't give me half price, anyhow."

"At least you can hold it for a while, and bring it to my father's house, when he will give you two hundred guineas for it."

"Yes, and then nab me for a Tory."

"It is evident that you are not used to dealing with men of honor, my good friend," said Edda. "What I promise for my father, he would make good at the sacrifice of his life."

"I've heerd tell Squire Sinclair was a mighty good man," admitted the Tory. "But you must understand that it's a mighty ticklish job to turn against Captain Wingate. Thar ain't a man on this side of the big lake I'm as much afraid of. You set still, and let me smoke a pipe or two, and think it over."

For nearly an hour he sat silent, puffing out long columns of smoke, and looking in a reflective manner at the blazing fire. The man was strongly tempted. Two hundred guineas was a great temptation to one who had never seen so much money at one time in his life. He looked at his sleeping comrade, and pushed him with his foot.

"I'll sleep on it and think it over. Wake up here, you lazy coot."

Nate rubbed his eyes and rose slowly, while Barnes wrapped his blanket about him and lay down in his place. The new guard at once stirred the fire and lighted his pipe, and sat down grumbling. He was a man to whom sleep was a

dire necessity, and he did not like thus to be roused from his peaceful slumbers.

"What did Nick say about sleepin' on it, afore he laid down?" he demanded, in a suspicious tone.

"He was talking to you, I suppose," was the cautious reply.

"I suppose he wa'n't; you can't fool this chicken in that sort of way. How much did you offer him; say?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you tried to work upon his feelin's, and bribe him to let you go. I'm rayther an old chicken; tough, I am. How much did you offer him?"

"You insist upon it that I have tried to bribe him. What makes you think that?"

"Because I heerd you; ain't that enuff? I heerd you offer him that ring at two hunderd guineas. How much are you agoin' to offer me? Tempt me; I'm in the market."

"You shall have the same."

"That's the kind of talk. I guess I'll wake Nick, and talk to him about it."

He touched the sleeping man who at once started up.

"You sleep better than I do," growled Nate. "Rouse up, man, rouse up. I want to have a talk with you about that di'mond ring."

"What di'mond ring?"

"Nick, old boy, when you hear me snore the way I snored before you waked me, you kin make up your mind I ain't asleep. I've had a talk with the gal now, and I'm agreeable We'll earn the money, if you want it."

"You ain't goin' to strike fur half?" and Barnes spoke angrily.

"It don't interfere with you," replied Nate. "I'm to have the same she promised you, that's all."

"You're a nice kind of a friend to lay there and purtend to snore, while you snatch the bread out'n a bruther sojer's mouth. It's cussid mean in you, that I will say."

"Oh, shet up; do you want some one to hear you? It would be a mighty nice thing to have the capt'in down on us, wouldn't it?"

"Don't talk that way, Nate. The capt'in is so cussid

mean when he feels like it that I don't like to talk about it. Gal, you keep still; we'll git you cl'ar. Will you promise not to dig out until I come fur you, if I ontie you?"

"You have my promise."

The man untied her, gave her a blanket, and told her to lie down upon the earth, and get a little rest. The two men sat near, muttering to themselves about the work before them. Nate knew the country about Canada creek better than Barnes, and it was a good thing that he had been induced to join the expedition.

They waited for midnight, when all would be asleep except the guards.

The officers, apart by themselves, were shouting and laughing over Doxstader's wine. Rough jokes and songs were heard, and it was well that Edda was sleeping. About midnight Roland and Dick Boyd came, both roaring drunk, and awakened her.

"Tell you what it is, Dick," said Wingate, "this is the best little girl in the whole Mohawk country. She is, and I know it mighty well. She says she don't love me, but pshaw—I am going to kiss her."

Edda threw aside the blanket and started up.

"You coward, you coward! How dare you insult me?"

"Ain't she rather free with her tongue, the beauty?" persisted Roland, thickly. "I am drunk, and a drunken man has a beautiful temper, or that word would have made me angry."

"Oh, come along, Rollie. We won't be worth a cent in the morning if we don't get a little sleep." Boyd evidently demurred to the proceedings.

Roland, before he allowed himself to be led away, turned to the guards with drunken gravity.

"Now don't let her get away, my lads. I'm a plain man, and in a public station, and if that girl is not here in the morning, I'll hang you up by the big toe, and let you swing until the crows pick your bones. I'll do it, or I'll forfeit my life."

Boyd at last prevailed upon him to leave, and soon all was silent in the camp. The Indian chief had retired to his blanket, as drunk as a lord, and the stately dignity of his exit was something wonderful. The two men waited

for half an hour, and then began to make their plans for the escape."

Just behind the place where they had sat was the place by which Alph Diggs had been carried down to the water's edge. It was the design of Nate to reach this level, and then follow the platform which ran along the bed of the creek, which would leave no trail, and baffle the ingenuity of the men who might follow them. At the appointed hour Barnes rolled up his own blanket, and placed it within the one occupied by Edda, in such a manner that it bore a certain resemblance to the human form. This done, they stole away cautiously and reached the bed of the stream unseen by any one in the camp.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAJOR FLOYD ORMSBY.

Upon the high cliff overhanging the creek, a few miles below the camp, two men were seated upon a rock, conversing eagerly. The moon was now up, and as it shone upon the faces of the two men, it showed Alpheus Diggs and the Gray Hair, who had come together again in some way.

"It sarved us just right, Atty," said the Yankee. "Two old trailers, born and bred in the woods, tew run plumb jam into a Tory trap, and a trap we was a-lookin' fer, tew. But, lightnin' Jonadab! If my old head don't feel like a puff-ball, after that water droppin' on it, I don't know anything about it. Yew came jest in time, or my darned old head would 'a' bu'st in tew pieces."

'Ha! The Tory dogs, and those sons of women, the Mohawks, would have climbed the rocks in the face of an Onondaga warrior! They found that his arm was strong."

"What did you strike 'em with, Atty?"

The chief held up a large lump of lead, in the form of a cone, with a string passed through the smaller end. It was, in fact, the modern "slung shot," and a terrible weapon in

experienced hands. It was no wonder that a single blow from this instrument had been so effectual.

"I wish you would give my head another wash, Atty. I tell yew what: Alpheus Diggs, Esquire, was nearly dun fer when yew turned the water off. I never felt so tickled in my life."

The Indian lifted a tin cup which sat upon the rock beside him, and which was filled with one of those decoctions of medicinal herbs which he so well knew how to prepare He began to bathe the head and neck of his companion, and the relief was very grateful.

"Now let us git up an' travel. It will take us until morning to get to the cave, and the girl will be anxious."

"My brother is right; let us go."

They rose and commenced their march through the woods, keeping the creek in sight on the right hand as a guide. For hours they tramped on, each with his rifle at the half-cock, ready to use it at a moment's notice. At this time the forests of Central New York swarmed with panthers, dangerous beasts to encounter in their forest homes. The Indian had the advance, and as the light began to shine in the east, they approached the cave in which they had left Edda.

"Don't come on her tew sudden, chief; yew might skeer her."

He began to sing, in a stentorian voice, a song well known at that day, and sung by the sons of liberty, directed at the British parliament. Alph was a good singer, and the forest fairly rung with his tremendous voice.

"That oughter wake her," he said, as they came near the cave. "Edda!"

There was no reply.

"She has waited for us, and we did not come," suggested the chief. "Perhaps she has gone?"

They entered the cave together and saw the bear skins lying in a heap upon the floor, and a discharged pistol beside them. The weapon had not been discharged in vain, for there was blood upon the floor, and marks of a desperate struggle. The two did not dream that the half-breed, Joe Failing, had been upon their trail, and at first

they thought she had been attacked by a wild beast. But, upon searching for the trail, they found that she had left in company with a man wearing moccasins, and from the appearance of the trail, they judged that this had happened not long after their departure. Blank looks of dismay were seen upon each face, as they gazed at each other.

"Edda is gone," exclaimed the Yankee. "Darn the luck, I ain't had sech a run of luck since Adam was a yearling. Don't it beat all my first wife's relations? Now the only thing we can do is to go to Squire Sinclair's, and find out how many of the boys we can raise to break up this nest of Tories and Injuns. Fifty men won't do it now."

They started for the Mohawk, but no longer at the lesiurely pace which they had used through the night. It was the long Indian lope, to which they were accustomed in making long journeys, and it was not many hours when the Mohawk could be seen gleaming through the trees. Just then the rattle of a drum and the music of a fife were heard through the trees, and Alpheus Diggs leaped at least three feet from the earth, with a yell of delight.

"Continentals, by the livin' hokies! Come along, Atty."

They started at a run, and soon reached the river road. The shrill music of the fife and the drum-beat, sounded louder and louder through the trees to the left, and they could catch glimpses of the yellow facings of the Continentals. A moment more, and the head of the column was in sight crossing a little opening. They were Continentals, and regulars at that, as the accuracy of their step and the way in which their line was dressed fully testified. At their head, mounted upon a blooded horse, and wearing a uniform which had seen service, was a young man in the garb of a Continental major.

"Ormsby's battalion, marching to Fort Stanwix!" cried the Yankee. "Hello there, meejor, heow-de-dew?"

"Halt!" cried the major. The word passed down the line, and the column halted with arms at rest.

'Ground arms, battalion!" was the next order. The weapons came to the earth with a crash, not with the pop, pop, pop which attends the same evolution in a raw regiment.

"Stand at ease!" was the next order. "Now then, Alpheus; you never called me to a halt without good reason."

"Yew know me, don't yew, meejor? Waal, there is the devil tew pay, and if yew ain't got enny pitch handy, it will be dreadful bad fer us."

The major was a gallant looking young man, standing six feet plump, with handsome face, keen, flashing eyes, and a high white brow. It was easy to see at a glance that he was a gentleman born.

"I judge yew'd like tew hear news of Edda Sinclair."

"What news? Not bad, I hope."

"Waal, it ain't *good*, square—I mean Meejor Ormsby. She's took pris'ner by that p'izen skunk and Tory, Rollie Wingate."

"Roland Wingate here!"

"No, he ain't adzackly here, but he's up on Canada creek with a b'ilin' hot party of Tories and Injuns, and they've got Edda. You light down here, and I'll tell yew abeout it."

The young officer leaped from the saddle, threw the reins to his orderly, and went aside with the Yankee. Alpheus could be concise when he wished to be so, and he told in few words the events of the last day and night.

"We are marching to Stanwix," said the young officer, in an uneasy tone, "and I have no orders to go in search of this band of ruffians. If it were myself alone, I should go, and take the chances, and my men would follow me to the death."

"How many yellow breasts have yew?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Oh, Lord; heow we could jest wipe Rollie Wingate from the face of the created airth with them men! Dew yew think the old cunnel will let yew go, when yew git to the fort."

"Oh yes; he will be as eager to send me as I am to go."

"Then don't waste time foolin' here. March your men down to the fort in as quick time as you can. I'll go down the valley and stir up the 'Minnit men,' and Atty will go down and tell Square Sinclair what has happened."

"Is Edward Sinclair at home?"

"He was yisterday."

"He leads the minute men in this section, does he not?"

"Yes."

"Then he will be eager to go. As for me, I shall ride on in advance of my battalion, and see what the colonel says.

If he refuses to let me go, by Congress! I will throw my commission in his face, for I will not leave Edda Sinclair in the hands of that infamous scoundrel. Captain Diefendorf?"

The senior captain stepped out and saluted.

"You will march the men down to Stanwix in quick time. The boys will make a forced march when they know that I wish it, even though they have already made a long marc from below. My horse, orderly."

He sprung into the saddle, set in his spurs, and was off like an arrow from a bow. Alpheus Diggs watched the column as it disappeared, and then turned to Attawan.

"Neow, chief, it comes our turn. I am goin' to cross the river on a log, and wake up the boys on the other side. Yew git to Square Sinclair's as soon as you can, and tell him what has happened; I'm off."

He selected a log from the driftwood along the shore, stripped off his clothing and laid it on the log, with his ammunition, for he had no rifle, as that weapon had been taken from him in the Tory camp. Bidding the Indian farewell, he plunged into the stream and pushing the log before him, reached the other bank.

Then he dressed quickly, and started on a run down the valley. The first house was hardly half a mile from the river, and his hurried knock was answered by a buxom matron, who greeted him warmly.

"What news, Mr Diggs?"

"The minnit men are wanted. Where are the boys?"

"At breakfast."

"Out with them!"

Three stalwart young men answered the summons.

"The minnit men are called, boys," he cried. "Meet at the Sinclair place as quick as possible. Send the news, quick."

The young men darted into the house and came out quickly, each armed with a rifle, with belt and powder-horn slung. They started in three different directions, after a hasty farewell to their mother.

The red cross which Roderic Dhu sent out through Clan Alpine was not more sure in its results than the message to the minute men. In twenty minutes many persons could be

seen crossing the fields in every direction, heading toward the Sinclair mansion. In an hour two hundred men were assembled, ready to do the work before them.

Sinclair was a gray-haired man, well beloved by his people, and he was deeply affected by this mark of their confidence.

"We are ready, squire. Send us where you will."

"Thank you, my brave lads," said the squire, going about among his neighbors, shaking them cordially by the hand. "I am in hopes that Major Floyd Ormsby will come to our help with some of his gallant Continentals. If he does, he will make short work of Roland Wingate and his miscreant band. Ah; here is Edward."

His son came dashing into the meadow in which the men were assembled, clearing the hedges in gallant style. He carried a saber and pistols in a black belt, and on his back a short rifle of the most approved make. Running by his side, and fairly keeping pace with his horse, came Gray Hair, the Chief. They greeted their leader with a resounding cheer, as he reined in his steed before them.

"Men of the Mohawk valley!" he cried. "You have seen your roof trees in a blaze, and have known what it is to lose kindred and friends by the hands of these vile Tories and Indians. In such times the Sinclairs have not been slow to aid you to recover the lost ones, and now we ask the like favor at your hands."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried the minute men. "To the rescue of Edda Sinclair."

"I thank you in my father's name and my own. Here, Alpheus; you know where these miscreants are encamped?"

"Bet I dew!" replied Diggs.

"Then we will march at once. Who is that horseman crossing the meadow, Alpheus?"

"That's Major Ormsby's orderly, I guess. He seems in a hurry."

The orderly was soon with them, and reining in his steed, saluted Edward Sinclair respectfully.

"Major Floyd Ormsby's compliments," he said, "and when you are ready to advance, you will find him on the river road with a hundred and fifty men from his battalion."

"Good, good; then he has seen the colonel?"

"Yes; he would have brought more men, but with what you can muster he thinks you ought to be able to handle such a motley force as this under the command of Roland Wingate."

"It is enough and more than enough. Where is your rifle, Alpheus?"

"I left it in Wingate's camp; that is, I didn't have time tew bring it with me, as I left in something of a hurry."

Sinclair laughed in spite of himself, and called to the Dutch boy, Yawcob Dunder.

"Go into my room and bring the rifle and horn hanging on the antlers. You know the one I mean."

Yawcob disappeared instantly, and came out in a moment, carrying a splendid rifle and powder-horn.

"Here, Alpheus; I give you this as a keepsake, not as a payment for what you have done."

"Thank yew, Square Ed. Cum tew think of it, I know where the boys can find six good rifles, if any of them are short. We don't want any pop guns in this bizniss."

"Where are they?"

"On the road to the Tory camp. Yew see six of them chased Atty and me, and they didn't *all* go back. I raised nigh sixty goolden guineas out'n that air gang, and we kivered up the weepons in a hole. I'll lend 'em to the boys when we git there."

"Fall in, men!" cried Edward. "No no, father; you must *not* go."

Squire Sinclair had taken his place in the ranks, with a rifle shouldered.

"Be that as it may, I am going with you. Do you think I would not suffer more, standing idle here, than I would if I went with you? Look at this boy and then tell me that I cannot go."

Yawcob Dunder had taken his place in the rear of the line, a short but wonderfully heavy "roer" on his shoulder, and a determined look on his fat face.

"Here, Yawcob!" cried Sinclair. "Come out of that; where are you going?"

"I am going mit you unt der rest of der poys," declared

Yawcob. "You ton't trive me pack, pecause off you vas do dot I vould vollow you pehint your pack."

"Let him alone," said Diggs. "I've watched that boy afore, and he's got good plucky blood in him somewhere."

"Gretchen spoke mit me yoost now, unt she says: Yawcob Dunder, off you vas not go mit dem poys unt pring pack Fraulien Edda, I vas marry a Yankee! She likes dem Yankee vellers pooty vell now, unt I must go."

"I have no time to waste," replied Edward. "By fours; march!"

The minute men fell into good marching order, for this was not the first time they had been called to do battle with Tories and Indians. Although they might possibly have been better drilled, very few among them but was a practiced rifleman.

They crossed the river on the old foot-bridge, and gained the river road on the north side. The orderly of Major Ormsby rode with them, and in half an hour they came up with the Continentals, who were standing at ease by the roadside waiting for them to come on. Ormsby rode out and shook hands with Edward Sinclair, who had been his firm friend at school.

"Ed, old boy, I never thought to join you in such an expedition as this. When I last wrote to Edda she was talking of coming to Albany to stay until the war-cloud had passed away from this section. I dissuaded her from it, selfishly enough, for I expected to be ordered here, and hoped to see her often. Oh, may the time soon come when I can stand face to face with Roland Wingate, swore in hand to repay him for this dastardly act."

"We will punish him, no doubt. Alph knows where he is encamped, and it is a six hours' march only. I recognize you as my superior officer, and am content to fight under your orders."

"I waive my rank; you command the expedition, Edward."

"Not at all; I do not claim to be a military man in the strict sense of the word, as I am rather a partisan leader. I beg you, as a favor to me, to take command."

"By all means, Floyd," added Squire Sinclair. "Our dear

girl will be proud to think, when we have rescued her, that *you* commanded the force which came to her aid."

"Have it as you will. Pick out from your force fifty well armed riflemen, the best you have, to take the advance. They must be men used to Indian-fighting, and if you will allow me, I will choose their leader."

"I think I know the man you will choose, Floyd. Is it not Alpheus Diggs?"

"The very man; have you got a better one?"

"No; he is the man I should choose out of all my men."

"Yew dew make me proud, Square Ed; and yew, meejor. I ain't had any thing tickle me quite so much sense I was borned intew the livin' world. Waal, I accept, if yew will let me pick eout my men."

"Choose them."

Gray Hair, the chief, took his place by the side of Diggs first, as a matter of course, and Alpheus called out man after man by name, until the required quota had been made up. As Sinclair looked them over, he saw that Alpheus had selected only those well skilled in wooderaft.

"Well done! Take the advance and do your work. I do not need to give you many orders. Only this:—*be careful.*"

Alpheus nooded, and at a word from him the advance spread out like the wings of a fan and began to beat the woods in advance of the main force which followed them in good order for repelling a sudden attack.

CHAPTER IX.

A SPECULATION THAT FAILED.

We left Edda and the two men she had tempted to turn traitor, standing upon the rock platform by the side of Canada creek. They listened, and not a sound came from the camp; their escape was not discovered. Nate took the lead, moving cautiously along the rocks. Not a word was spoken, for they

knew well the necessity of silence. Woe to the recreants, if, by any chance, they should fall into the hands of Roland Wingate after this treachery! After walking half a mile, they came to a place where a narrow shelf ran up the side of the cliff, by which they gained the top. They reached the crest, and sunk down exhausted.

"That was hard work," said Nate, "but we've won, and I defy even an Injun to find any trail. You can't say that we haven't done the fair thing by you, Miss Sinclair."

"You have done nobly," she answered, "and I will see to it that your reward is large enough for the service you have done me."

"We need big pay," replied Nate, "for if we should be caught it would be short shrift and sudden cord with us. What you offered is fair, but it ain't r'ally enough for the danger we run."

"I will pay you more. At any rate, you dare not take me back now."

"Oh no!" said Barnes, "we won't take you *back*, as you say. Nate, come here half a minute."

The two walked away a few paces, and engaged in a muttered conversation. Edda did not like the way they were acting, and she groped in her pocket for the companion to the pistol she had lost in trying to defend herself against Joe Failing when she was surprised by him in the cave. But their conversation quickly ended, and they came forward.

"It is all right, Miss Sinclair," announced Nate. "We'll do jest what we said we would, but it seems to me that we orter have something to hold, so as to be sure you will pay us."

Edda at once drew off her ring and gave it to him, and as she did so, he caught the flash of another jewel on her left hand.

"What's that other ring you've got? This is a good thing for one to hold, but Nick wants suthin' to make him sure."

"The other ring is a keepsake; I do not wish to part with it."

"Jest as you like," he replied, sullenly. "If you don't play fair, you can't expect any better from us."

"This ring is not worth quite so much as the other," she

said, as she drew it off. "At the same time, I value it more, and would pay two hundred guineas sooner than lose it But take it, since you insist."

Nate seized the jewel and passed it to his companion, who at once concealed it in his clothing.

"That's all right; now we will go on."

Edda would not have given up her rings, but that she saw that the two villains would not have hesitated to take them from her by force if she refused them. Besides, she was wholly at their mercy, as she did not know where she was, and could not have found her way to the Mohawk if she had escaped from them. Nate again took the lead, and they left the creek on the right, and turned into the woods. Before the revolution the man who guided them had been a hunter, and had traversed every foot of this region in pursuit of game. It was evident that he knew the ground well, and would not be lost. For two hours they tramped on by rough forest paths, until Edda felt her limbs give way under her with fatigue.

"I can go no further, gentlemen," she said. "Remember that I was very much shaken by the fall from my horse, and am not fit to travel far."

"I reckon it will be safe to make a camp until morning,' thought Nate. "Any way, I'll risk it, as the lady says she can't travel. Clip down some of those balsam boughs, and make a place for her to rest, Nick; we'll keep watch."

Nick drew his knife and quickly lopped down a pile of the fragrant boughs, which he laid in an orderly manner upon a dry spot under the tree.

"You'd better lay down, Miss. There ain't anything so good for sore bones as a snooze on a bed of balsam boughs, that I know. You'll wake up another woman altogether, I'll go bail."

Edda was too weary to offer any objections, and she at once laid her weary frame upon the fragrant branches. At first the novelty of her situation kept her awake, and she lay drowsily watching her guards, who were smoking their pipes near by. But at length the soporific influence of the couch on which she lay, overcame her, and her senses were locked in a deep, dreamless sleep. The two men sat long

over their pipes, whispering to each other, and at last flung themselves upon the mossy carpet upon which they sat, each with his loaded rifle hugged close to his body, and fell asleep. When they awoke day was just breaking; and Nate, springing up quickly, took a hook and line from his haversack, baited the hook with a morsel of cold venison, and stepped to the side of a little tinkling brook which ran close by, while his companion built a fire. He built it with Indian caution, and it at once sprung into a blaze, without smoke. Nate, bending over the stream with the line in his hand, dropped the hook into the water. It was snapped at eagerly, and in a second more a half-pound trout was flapping on the grass. In five minutes he had caught enough to feed a dozen hungry people, and then desisting, he cleaned and prepared the fish, and brought them to the fire. He spitted two of the largest upon a sharp stick, and began to broil them over the clear pitch pine fire, and soon laid them before Edda upon a strip of clean bark, giving her a little salt, and a piece of corn bread from his haversack.

"Eat!" he ordered. "We ain't got much time to waste."

Edda had a very unromantic appetite, and while the men were cooking and eating, she stripped the two trout to the bones. Nick threw her his tin cup, and she went to the stream and drank deeply of the clear water. The borderman had not been wrong when he said that the night's rest upon the fragrant boughs would do her good, for she felt life and vigor in all her frame, and was ready to face any danger bravely.

"So far good," observed Nate, as he kicked out the fire with his heavy boot, picked up his weapons, and prepared for a march. "We may as well be on the tramp."

"You are sure you know the way, sir?" asked Edda.

"Know the way? Me, an old woodman, git lost up here on Canada creek? No, gal; there ain't much chance of that."

"I spoke in that way because it seemed to me we were going in the wrong direction to get to the Mohawk."

"You want to walk into an Injin ambuscade, that's what *you* want," growled the Tory. "We've got to make a big circuit to get out of the way of Rollie Wingate, for he will

line the woods between this and the river with his cussed Mohawks. Are you coming? I ain't going to wait for you long."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I am very much to blame for speaking in the way I did, but of course I am anxious to get home as soon as possible. My father and brother will be very anxious until they hear from me, and no doubt by this time Attawan or Alpheus Diggs have told them that I am lost."

"All right, as long as you don't go to teach me what to do."

She followed them for nearly an hour, and yet they showed no intention of turning. At last, as they reached the center of a large opening, she caught a glimpse of the sun, and could see for herself that they were traveling due north. She stopped at once.

"This will not do at all," she protested, boldly. "I will not go any further north with you."

"What makes you think that we are going north?" growled Nate.

"Because I see the sun, and can tell by that. I have been in the woods before, and either you are deceived or have purposely led me out of the way."

"I have heard of people being too knowing for their own good," was the angry reply. "Once for all, you will go where I go, if I choose to take you to Canada."

"You will get there if you keep this trail long," she said.

"It is only a blind. Wingate won't look for us on the north trail, because he'll think we are going to the Mohawk. I'm going to make a day's march to the northward, and then wait one more night before I turn south."

"Suppose I refuse to go?"

"Then we shall be obliged to pursuade you to go with us. Don't be a fool, gal; can't you see that we have the best of you? Did you think we was sech fools as to be content with these little sparklers you've given us? We could have had them for the taking, any time; but we want more."

"You are a pair of cowardly villains, and deserve to lose even what I have promised you. How do you expect to get more?"

"Easy enough; we'll put you in a safe place, and then one of us will go south and demand a ransom for you, and get it, too."

"How much do you require?"

"A thousand guineas; five hundred apiece."

"I can not take it upon myself to promise any such ransom as that."

"We don't ask you to. We wouldn't think of takin' your word for it, after what we have done, and you will have to stay here. We've got a nice snug little spot about ten miles north, where we can keep you safe. You'll have to go, and it is no use for you to make words about it."

"I have treated you generously, and yet you turn against me."

"Every man for himself. We won't have another such chance while we live, most likely."

"If I promise the five hundred guineas, will you give back the jewels I have placed in your hands?"

"Oh no; that's what the lawyers call a retaining fee. We want the other money extra."

"You must give up the jewels now, or I will make you no promise whatever," she declared with decision.

"Any way you like. I'm thinkin' that if your father won't give any thing for you, maybe Rollie Wingate will."

"You dare not go to him."

"And why not? Sooner than let you git away, he would even pay us for bringing you back. Let's get on; we are wasting time here."

"I am not going with you at all," she replied, suddenly drawing and cocking the pistol. "Drop your rifles, *quick!*"

Taken by surprise, these men, who were cowards at heart, let fall their weapons, and stepped back as she advanced and stood over the captured weapons.

"You've got something belonging to me, Mr. Nick Barnes. Throw it to me. You also, my good friend Nathan."

"You give us them rings," pleaded the scoundrel.

"You forced them from me when you had the best of me. Throw them here, quick! This is a double-barreled pistol, and I am a sure shot at this distance."

"But, gal—"

"Throw them here, or I fire."

The ruffians, completely cowed, obeyed her without a word

"I'll have to trouble you again Mr. Barnes. Take off your belt, and tie your friend's hands behind him; and you stand still, Nick, while he does it, or I'll put a ball through your body."

Nate with the fear of the cocked pistol before his eyes, tied the hands of his confederate behind him.

"Now take off your own belt and throw it on the ground. Then lie down on your face, and wait until I come to you."

Nate obeyed, groaning in spirit, and she bound him with his own belt. Then, wrenching the lock off one of the rifles, so that it was useless to any one, she took their knives and ammunition and prepared to depart.

"You ain't going to leave us this way," groaned Nick. "Good Lord; we'll starve to death."

"Oh no; I shall not tie your feet, and you can make your way to the Mohawk."

"Right among the cussid Whigs."

"They will take good care of you, as no doubt you are well known to them. I should serve you rightly if I bound your feet as well as your hands."

"Don't let me ever git my hands on you, gal," yelled Nick Barnes. "If I do, you'll repent this day in dust and ashes. But you won't git cl'ar. The woods are full of painters and red Injuns, and you'll be snapped up before you go three miles."

"I can't be any worse off than I was," she replied quietly. "I prefer the companionship of wild beasts to that of such men as you are."

"I'll have your life for this."

"Remember that you were to have been rewarded largely for what you had done. I would have given you four hundred guineas for the rings, but you wanted your pound of flesh, and you have got it. You are caught in your own trap and can blame no one. Gentlemen, I bid you good-by."

She replaced her pistol, swung one of the powder-horns and a bullet-pouch over her shoulder, emptied the rest of the ammunition into a pool of water, and started to leave them.

Both men at once started after her, and she stopped and took the rifle from her shoulder.

"You were thinking of dogging my steps, perhaps?"

The men looked at one another savagely, but neither spoke.

"You are of course free to go where you will in the woods, sirs; but I am in a dangerous position, and dare not take any chances. If I am followed I shall be obliged to return and tie your feet as well as your hands."

"You wouldn't do that?"

"Try me, by following me another step."

"But we've *got* to go south, gal; you said that yourself."

"There is no hurry. You can reach the Mohawk in five hours, and you surely will not starve in that time. Sit down on yonder log, and count one thousand before you dare to move."

They obeyed, and she turned into the woods and was gone. If the two men did not count one thousand, they uttered very nearly that number of oaths while they sat upon the log, for each blamed the other for the unfortunate termination of their little speculation.

CHAPTER X.

BUSH FIGHTING.

THE skirmish line in front of the American force moved on cautiously. They did not, however, fall in with any outlying force of the Tories until the sun was high in the heavens, when the sudden crack of a rifle in their front announced that at least one of the foe was in their track, and the shot was the prelude of danger to them.

Alpheus sent back a man to inform the major of the enemies' presence, while the skirmish line rested, shielding themselves with true scouting caution. Their messenger soon came back with orders to advance, and sweep the enemy from their front.

A peculiar battle now began beneath the lofty pines, a battle which was only possible in such a country as this.

The men forming the skirmish line opposed to Alpheus Diggs were mostly Indians, but picked men, who had learned to use their rifles well. Such men could only be fought in their own way, and no men were more fully capable of doing the work than those chosen by Diggs. They were Indian-fighters trained in every art which was known to woodcraft, to induce the enemy to show himself prematurely. They crawled along the earth like serpents, fired a a finger if it was showed from the cover, loaded while lying upon their backs, and steadily forced back the Indians in their front. The Mohawks were proverbially a fighting race, and maintained their ground gallantly enough. Yet, in spite of this, the steady pressure brought to bear upon them by the "Mohawk boys," was too much, and the redskins were forced gradually backward.

"Atty," said Alpheus Diggs, as he stood with his back against a tree, loading. "Darn me if I have had so much fun in ten year. The skunks give way before us gradually, don't they?"

"We will drive them into the creek," replied Gray Hair, who was lying upon his face behind a log, trying to get a shot at the enemy. "Wagh! That Mohawk will fight no more."

An Indian had attempted to dart from one tree to another, not three yards distant. His movement was quick, but not so quick as the flash and report of Attawan's rifle. The bullet pierced him between the shoulders, and he dropped upon his face, dead, while the victorious whoop of the Onondaga resounded through the woods.

The Mohawks heard the voice of their enemy; and, regardless of danger, they made a bold and reckless charge, fully determined to destroy the Gray Hair, no matter at what sacrifice. A hundred painted warriors, brandishing their hatchets and knives in the air, bounded forward with cries which made the old woods ring again.

"Rally, rally!" yelled Diggs. "Tew me, Mohawk boys!"

Forty or fifty agile forms were seen gliding through the woods from every direction, but before many of them could come up, the main body of the Mohawks had flung them-

selves desperately upon a little knot of gallant men who had quickly collected about Alpheus and Attawan.

"Back tew back, boys!" yelled the Yankee. "I'm a man of peace, but I've got tew fight, when the Mohawks come a-woolgatherin'. Give 'em goss, boys. Stick 'em like pigs!"

The little party had rapidly thrown themselves into a circle, fighting with clubbed rifles, and keeping the Indians at bay. All about them surged and yelled the desperate Mohawk force, frantic with rage, and striving to bear them down before the rest of the skirmish line could come to their aid. But they fought like paladins, every blow bringing death to a Mohawk. Many a wound had been taken and given, but the numbers of the riflemen constantly increased, and at last, hearing the tread of the Continentals, the Indians broke and fled, leaving the riflemen masters of the field. And there stood Attawan, with three gory forms at his feet, each bearing on the head the mark of his hatchet; and he quickly tore off the scalps and waved them in the air, while he shouted defiance to the rapidly retreating Mohawks.

That victorious war-cry, three times repeated, announced to the flying Mohawks that three of their best and bravest had fallen by the hatchet of the grim old chief.

"That job is done," exclaimed Alpheus. "Run back there, Dan, and tell them that we've cleaned the skunks, and are arter 'em, hot blocks. Be lively, and git back quick, because I want yew."

The messenger darted back, and the riflemen again spread out upon the skirmish line, and advanced through the woods. Although the Mohawks had already lost twelve warriors, it must not be supposed that they ran far. On the contrary, the first belt of timber which covered them was the place at which they turned, and again repelled the advance of the rangers.

"They are grim boys," confessed Alpheus. "I like tew see men stand up tew it this way. Oh, see that, see that; ain't *that* a nice trap for us tew run intew."

Directly in their front was a track through the woods, where a whirlwind had passed through. It seemed the

only feasible place for them to pass, but the woodranger knew better.

"We can't do it, boys. Give the yell for the men to gather, Attawan."

The chief raised his hand to his lips and uttered a long, peculiar cry, which had been arranged as a signal before they advanced, and the men came in rapidly.

"Yew see that little trap, boys? Neow I judge we ain't goin' intew that if we can anyway help it. The Injuns are on both sides of the "deadening," and are just achin' fur us tew run in thar. Spread eout to the right and left, and come up on their backs. Atty, yew take half the men tew the left, I'll take the right."

The men separated at the word, with Attawan leading one party and the Yankee the other. The Indians, lying among the bushes on both sides of the "deadening," were eagerly waiting for the woodmen to enter the dangerous pass, crouching like tigers ready for a spring, with their rifles clutched in their brown hands, their hearts wild with joy as they thought of the revenge which they would wreak upon the men who had beaten them in the first encounter.

Suddenly, without warning, they were assailed in the rear, with an energy which nothing could withstand, and in spite of themselves, driven headlong into the very trap into which they had intended to leave the riflemen. Then, upon both sides, a terrible fire was poured in. Their ranks were swept through and through by the leaden messengers. They would have taken to the woods again, but the rangers followed upon both sides, and resolutely hurled them back, every time they attempted to break through and escape. They made them pass a bitter time during this chase of half a mile, and many a Mohawk lodge had lost its head when they at last found shelter in the woods, and the riflemen paused upon the edge of the cover, and waited for their leader to give a new order.

"By gosh!" shouted Alpheus, "if them yaller breasts don't look sharp, we'll lick the hull intire party alone. Stiddy, boys; we ain't more'n tew mile from the cusses now. The camp is up here by the rapids. Forward, but be keerful, or thar will be fat in the fire ag'in."

They began to push forward once more, but the tremendous drubbing which they had given the Mohawks upon the edge of the "deadening" had its effect, and the resistance was not so great. A mile further, and the balls began to fly thicker about them, and through the trees they caught glimpses of the green coats of the royalists. They had a more powerful enemy than the Indians in their front now.

"Tories, boys!" cried Yankee Alpheus. "Pour it intew 'em; make 'em think of hum."

The skirmish became very obstinate, for the men whom Roland Wingate had sent to the front were the pick and flower of his force, under Dick Boyd, who was a brave and skillful captain.

"Blaze away at them, boys!" bellowed Boyd. "Teach them what it is to come against true British hearts."

The Tories fought bravely, and for a time held back the little troop of riflemen, somewhat worn by the severe work of the morning. But the messenger went back, and a second troop of fifty men came up on a run, and spread out on the flanks of the party. Boyd, fearing that his flank would be turned, fell back, fighting and shouting defiance to the foe.

"Come on, you Yankee slobs," he cried. "Wait; we'll show you a trick or two soon."

"Proud tew l'arn, my boy," shouted Alpheus.

"You are there, eh, my Yankee friend?" cried Boyd. "If I only *could* get a crack at you."

"Take that, tew cure yew of talking," roared the Yankee. "Heow duz that seem tew suit?"

He had fired in the direction of the voice, and with such good luck that his bullet cut off the lower portion of Boyd's right ear, and he uttered a yell of rage, for he was somewhat proud of his beauty.

"I'll have your life for that!" he howled.

"Take it and welcum, when I give yew the chance," replied Alpheus. "Forward, boys; drive the howlin' Tories intew the crick!"

The new force had overlapped the Tory line, and was wheeling in on their flank, but Boyd detected the movement in time, and drew his men back, sending for reinforcements

at the same time. Doxstader led them, and again they held back the riflemen.

"More men, Dan," demanded the Yankee; "they've made another raise."

The "orderly" ran back hurriedly, and spoke to Major Ormsby.

"Tell your gallant friend that he has done nobly, and the Continentals will advance and give him a breathing space."

"Major, if you want to please old Alpheus, send him more of the Mohawk boys, and stay back yourself. You see they've got a fortified camp up here, and you'll need your yellow breasts for them."

"Edward, take the rest of your men and advance. It seems he wishes it."

For the first time, Yawcob Dunder saw an opportunity to distinguish himself. He had been held back, much against his will, by his captain, but now he was going into the fight. He inspected the roer with care, and followed the company with a jaunty step. In the hurry of the advance Edward did not notice him, and when the riflemen plunged into the woods, Yawcob brought up the rear.

"Dere vas going ter pe fun pimepye, my poy," he muttered. "Dem vellers nefer sees how dis roer could shoot, I dole you."

He had not long to think of it, for they were suddenly attacked by Boyd and Doxstader, now furious at having been driven by the Yankee and the men of the Mohawk. The sudden attack hurled them back some paces, where they began to fight hand to hand. Edward Sinclair, in the front of his men, found himself suddenly assailed by Doxstader. This gigantic ruffian, now mad with rage, had been known by the name of "the Thrasher" in the valley, where he had been a noted bully before the war began.

"Well met, Ed Sinclair!" he cried. "You and I have a little account to settle."

"If I remember rightly, you are the excellent fellow who sat in the stocks at Caughdenoy for twenty-four hours, by my orders; and the man who earned and received forty lashes on the bare back."

The Tory uttered a yell so fierce that the young man re-

coiled, and they were locked in a close and desperate grapple. Both were strong, but Doxstader was by far the more powerful man. All along the line the forces fought hand to hand, fifty bloody duels going on at the same time. Yankee Alpheus, with a heavy knife in his right hand, was confronted with an Indian and a Tory, and, for a man of peace, seemed to be doing remarkably well. Attawan, assailed by three Tories, was literally playing with them. Each patriot had his antagonist, and no one noticed Edward Sinclair locked in the desperate grasp of Doxstader. They strained hand and foot for the throw, for they were too closely grappled to be able to use their weapons, and at last fell side by side. Edward Sinclair's right hand was wreathed in the long hair of his adversary, while his left clutched his knife hand at the wrist.

Doxstader, in his turn, had his right hand clutched in the cloth upon Sinclair's shoulder, while he held the knife hand with the other. Thus they lay, scowling in each other's face.

"You devil!" hissed Doxstader. "You had me beaten like a dog, and behold the result. I will kill you."

"Not yet, Mister Bully; you must win me ere you wear me."

The struggle recommenced, each striving with all his power to turn his adversary, and get the upper hand. The tremendous power of the Tory was beginning to tell. All about them the rattle of steel, the yell of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded, announced that the battle was at its hight, and that no one was likely to have time to interfere.

"I'll pay you, you vile Whig!" screamed Doxstader. "I only wish it was that cussed Yankee; I'd eat his heart hot from his breast, for he killed my brother. Ha; I'll tear yo all to pieces!"

He attempted to shift his right hand, and clutch Sinclair by his throat, but a sharp dig from the point of the knife admonished him that it was not safe to try that game, and he again seized the wrist of the young man.

"Try that again, Doxstader, and it will be the worse for you."

Doxstader made a sudden effort, and "turned" his more slender adversary, getting the upper side. Lying prostrate

upon him, he suddenly freed his left hand, and caught the hilt of the knife in such a way that Edward could not strike. Then he wrenched his right hand loose and caught up his knife, which he waved before the eyes of the young partisan.

"Now, you young dog, beg for mercy before I cut your throat."

"I am not one of the begging kind, villain. Murder me if you will."

"You will have it."

The broad-bladed knife gleamed in the air, and Edward Sinclair closed his eyes that he need not see it fall, when he heard a tremendous report, and the weight was off his breast. He started up to see Doxstader lying mutilated on the earth, and the Dutch boy rolling over and over on the earth, with a roer in his hand. Yawcob Dunder, the mouse, had worked for the lion.

CHAPTER XI.

A RUFFIAN'S DEATH.

We left the two crestfallen traitors seated on a log engaged in "counting one thousand," before they dared move, while the lady whom they had intended to victimize was gone. The moment she entered the woods, she started on a brisk run, taking any path which presented itself, and caring nothing for the direction she pursued, until nearly half an hour had passed. Her sole purpose was to put as much distance as possible between herself and her quondam friends. She had recovered her property, and she knew that neither of these ruffians would hesitate at murder to regain it. She ran on, then, diving deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly she paused and listened, for the crack of a rifle was heard in the distance. It was followed by another and another, and she knew by the irregular dropping fire that a skirmish was going on in the deapths of the forest, although who the combatants were she had no idea. Had she dreamed that Floyd Ormsby, her father, and Edward were there; that

Yankee Alpheus led on the vanguard of the American force and that the old chief fought by his side, it would not have been many moments before she would have been with them. But she knew that these men of the border had rough hangers on, and it was hardly safe for a woman to approach troops when in battle, no matter who they might be. But her own Mohawk boys, the Diefendorfs, Van Sloycks, Solmans, Reeds and Davenports. How they would have cheered her, had she suddenly appeared in their midst.

But she did not know them, and plunged deeper into the forest. The distant cries of struggling men came to her ears, and accelerated her flight, for she recognized the thrilling war-whoop of the Mohawk, the nation which, next to the Huron, had done the most terrible deeds upon that border. She knew that not even their love for Roland Wingate would save her, if any of that terrible tribe should overtake her on the trail. Deeper and deeper she entered the pine woods, until the way became so tangled and her feet so weary that she could go no further, and sunk down upon a log, panting for breath.

"Oh my father, my mother, and dear Edward. Do they know the dangers I have undergone? And Floyd! I know that he would fly to my aid, if he only dreamed of the danger. I ought to go on, but I can not, I can not. I am all too weary."

The battle continued to roll up the bank of the stream, and she could hear the yells more plainly than ever. Whoever it was who fought with Roland Wingate was driving his force before them, and she felt a thrill of joy, even in that moment of peril, at the thought that the patriot forces would win, in the struggle with the enemy.

"Our boys would win, against twice their numbers," she said, with a laugh.

"Yes, they will win, my lady," growled a harsh voice, as she was suddenly seized from behind. "Ha, ha, ha. We have you now. *We* will win, too."

She was again in the hands of the two ruffians who had led her from Wingate's camp. With rapid hands they bound her arms behind her, and stood exultant, with malicious laughter on their lips.

"Reckon you may as well gin it up, my gal," said Nate, with a hoarse laugh. "We've got the whip hand of you, and no mistake. See here; you've got something belongs to me on your finger, and I want it."

He tore the ring rudely from her finger as he spoke.

"And you've got something of mine," roared Nick, tearing off the other ring. "Give it here, you hussy. Oh, you thought you could play that game with me, but it won't work; I told you afore it wouldn't work."

"Scoundrels! How dare you tie me in this way? Oh, you shall repent this if I ever meet Roland Wingate."

"Maybe you ain't going to meet anybody right away, gal. You thought when you tied our hands you had us foul, but you forgot that we had *teeth*. Nate loosened the belt on my hands with his grinders, and we was on your trail before you had gone a mile. Come, git up; we want you."

"I cannot travel; I am utterly worn out."

"Then I'll *make* you travel," replied the villain, hoarsely. "I can do that much for you."

He turned to a small beech not far away, and cut a rod, from which he began to strip the small twigs, looking at her angrily all the time.

"You take sight on a man like me, do you?" he cried. "You make a man tie his kumrad's hands, and then lay down on his face while you tie him! I'll pay you off, my lady. You can't walk, eh?"

"No," she answered shortly.

"You mean you won't."

"I mean that if I could I *would* not," was the reply.

The ruffian drew back the rod and struck her across the shoulders with it. The blow was not very heavy, but the indignity more than the pain drew a cry from her lips.

"Hold on, Nick," and the other ruffian interfered. "This won't do, by no means. If you cut her up with that switch, do you think her folks would pay us anything? You'd better be keerful."

"I tell you I'll break her sperrit or I'll break her neck," was the angry reply. "See here, gal; I don't want to hurt you, but if you don't git up and walk I shall give you a

sound thrashing. Now don't you interfere, Nate; I won't stand it."

"I won't allow you to strike her with the stick; now you hear that."

"How are you going to help yourself?"

"Never mind that; don't you hit her again."

Nick Barnes drew back his hand, and struck her a terrible blow across the shoulders. He had scarcely done so when he found himself looking into the muzzle of the rifle which Edda had carried, and which Nelson had picked up a moment before.

"Don't point the gun at me, you fool," cried Nick. "It might go off."

"You don't say so!"

Crack!

The bullet was in his heart, and with a malediction on his lips, the ruffian who had been the prime mover in the treachery to Edda, which Nate Nelson had for a time opposed, lay dead at the feet of the woman he had insulted.

"He's got his gruel," growled Nate; "I wa'n't going to stand by and see him insult you, my lady. I can be rough, but I ain't quite a brute yet."

"It is horrible, horrible," moaned Edda. "Cover his face; don't let me look at him."

"Nate threw down his rifle, and seizing the body of his dead comrade by the shoulders, he dragged him into the thicket, and kicked the leaves over the dead form.

"I didn't think the fool was going to give me a chance like that," muttered Nate, as he drew the ring from the clenched hand of his murdered friend. "I'll have all the pay myself. The gal thinks I did this for pure love of her but she don't know me."

He went back to the place where Edda sat upon the log, and took away the pistol which she still had in her pocket. This done, he untied her hands.

"Don't try to run away," he said. "I mean fair by you, and I'll take you safe to your friends. I tell you that they are fighting now with the men of Wingate, and are driving them back. We passed their flanks just now, and we see some of Ormsby's rifles, and a lot of the Mohawk minnit

men. They'll beat Wingate, and when they do, I'll take yor safe to camp."

"If you do this, I will say nothing of your treachery."

"Don't say anything about that. I was drove to it by that skunk I killed just now, and I couldn't help myself. I'd made up my mind to drop him, and if you hadn't tied us the way you did, we'd have been half way to the Mohawk by now."

"I forgive you."

"Now I leave it all to you. If we try to git to the Yankees now, we may fall in with the Injuns, or some of the sharp-shooters may catch a glimpse of us through the brush, and send us their compliments from a rifle-barrel. Or we can go back to a place I know, half a mile from this, and be perfectly safe."

"Do you promise to be true to me this time?"

"You bet I will."

"Then I will trust you once more. Lead the way."

He at once took a forest path which he seemed to know, clearing it for her steps, and making the road as easy for her as he could. The distance was indeed not more than half a mile, and at last he stopped before a great heap of fallen logs, which had dropped over one another in strange confusion.

"Don't look as if there was any place here where we could camp safely?" he observed, turning to her with a grin.

"I see no place."

"Just look here, then."

He began to throw aside the branches, and showed a place where, by creeping, they could pass under the great heap. Once there, they were in a clear place some five feet high, and ten or twelve in circumference. It was a strange hiding place and one which might have been passed a hundred times without suspicion.

"How do you like it?" asked Nick, turning to her.

"It seems a capital hiding-place," was the answer.

"I've tried it afore now, and have had a dozen Injuns thirsting for my blood, climbing over the logs, and never dreaming that I was hidden here. I tell you that in half an

hour the Injuns will be running wild through the woods, and they might happen on us if we staid outside."

"You have chosen a very safe place. What shall we do now?"

"I shall leave you here," he replied, "and go out on a scout. I'm old in the woods, and I like to see what is going on. When I go out I will pile the stuff back over the opening, and you must keep quiet, or some of these Injuns will cent you out."

"I will keep quiet."

"You'd better, if you know what is best for you. Now remember what I say."

He took the rifle and ammunition, and turned to go.

"You ought to leave me the rifle, or a weapon of some kind. Something might happen which would make its use necessary."

"I reckon I won't leave you any thing, or you'll be popping it off at a shadow, and letting the Injuns know where you are hid. Good-by."

He crawled out, throwing the brush back over the opening, and went away. His steps ceased to sound in the woods, and the weary girl, flinging herself upon the leaves, slept securely in her strange hiding-place. She fell asleep with the rattle of rifles in her ears, and she knew that the battle in the woods was not yet over.

How long she slept she did not know, but she awoke with a sense of oppression, and knew that a weight rested on her foot, which was not there when she went to sleep. She did not move it, but raised her head cautiously and gazed at it. As she did so, she could hardly repress a cry of horror, for she saw something which caused the blood to turn to ice in her veins.

What was it?

A great rattlesnake, with his beautiful head lifted, and his dazzling eyes seeming to emit flashes like the diamond, was coiled up on her foot. The head was moving slowly from side to side, with that motion peculiar to himself. A restless, searching movement, as if in quest of some object to attack. Edda had heard and seen enough of this serpent to know that his bite was deadly, and she lay there bathed in a cold

perspiration, looking at the monster. Suddenly their eyes met, and she felt a peculiar chill run through her blood, and she knew she was under the influence of the serpent eye.

The head of the rattlesnake became stationary, and he fixed his flashing eyes full upon hers. She awaited, in fear and trembling, the deadly blow.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SERPENT STRIKES.

EDWARD SINCLAIR ran to raise the boy, who was rolling upon the earth, apparently in the agonies of death. But, when he lifted him, not the slightest trace of a wound was visible anywhere.

"Where are you hurt, Yawcob?" he demanded, earnestly.

"I vas not hurt not any," averred the Dutchman. "Dot roer vas kick me het ofer heels. Dot vas goot guns, now I dole you."

"Did *you* shoot the Tory?" cried Edward, in surprise.

"Yaw. Dot vas me, you pet! I shoots him mit mine roer."

"It was just in time, for the wretch would have cut my throat. I have no time to thank you now, but when you marry Gretchen, come to me and remind me of this."

"Dot vas all right. I ton't forgot dot very soon, Mynheer Edvard. Yoost you vait a liddle dimes vile I fodder dot roer, unt dem vellers vill dink it vas a gannon. Dey vas scare a goot deal."

The desperate bravery of the minute men had done its work, and the Tories were pressed back toward their fortified camp. The blast of a bugle, sounded by Roland Wingate, called them in, and they were quickly within the works.

"You have found out who they are, Boyd?"

"I have. There is Ed Sinclair with his Mohawk boys, with Gray Hair, the chief and that accursed Yankee. And

I have reason to believe that a strong party of Ormsby's rifles, who have not yet been engaged, are in the rear."

"The devil!"

"You may well say that," persisted Boyd. "It looks to me as if we were in a trap."

"Let us die fighting, if die we must," said Roland. "Will the Indians stand up to it?"

"They will do pretty well. We have set our mark upon he Mohawk boys already, and they have got nearly enough. But these rifles! I am afraid we shall have a hard time with them."

"I hate that Floyd Ormsby," hissed Roland, through his set teeth. "I have reason to believe that he is my rival. Curses on those two traitors, who have stolen the girl from me. If I had her here, by Heaven I would put her on the parapet as a guard. If I could catch those traitorous dogs, there would be no puishment too good for them. But form the men, and we will give these hounds a warm reception, to say the least."

The Tories formed sullenly behind their ramparts. They had left Doxstader on the field, his head blown into fragments by the discharge of the roer. And this was not all, for twenty more had not come back with them. The skirmishers of the Yankees were already in their front, and scattering shots could be heard on every hand. It was unsafe for a man to show his head above the rocky breastworks. In the mean time, Floyd Ormsby advanced and inspected the works.

"Rather a strong place," he decided; "but I think my boys can carry it."

"It might be well to try them with a flag first," suggested Edward. "They might surrender."

"I don't think it likely, for Roland Wingate comes of fighting blood. However, who will take the flag?"

"I will," answered Squire Sinclair. "Roland Wingate has too much honor in him yet to fire at a flag."

He tied a white handkerchief to a staff, and stepped out in front of the skirmish line, while the trumpet of the assailants sounded "cease firing," and not a gun was heard along the lines.

"What do you want here?" demanded the Tory leader, as he leaped upon the rampart and hailed the squire.

"I come to demand the surrender of this force. You only waste your blood in vain, Roland Wingate, and I appeal to you to spare the men who must die, if we continue to fight. If we take this place by assault, it will be hard to restrain the Whigs of the Mohawk valley."

"But suppose you *don't* take this camp, Squire Sinclair? Suppose we are stronger than you think, and beat you from our walls; what then?"

"We shall come back again, Roland. But you won't beat us. We have two hundred Mohawk boys, and one hundred and fifty of Floyd Ormsby's rifles. You know best whether or not you can stand against them."

"We will give you a hearty welcome when you come, for we don't think of surrender. You may go back and tell Major Floyd Ormsby what I say, and tell him I invite him to the battle, and if we meet, I will do my best to give him a cordial greeting."

"One moment more, Roland Wingate. What have you done with my daughter?"

"At least I can touch you there," hissed Wingate. "She fled last night with two of the most abandoned wretches I ever knew, and no doubt by this time they have murdered her for the sake of the jewels which she wore. She preferred their company to mine, and you will never see her more. For I would sooner trust her in the forest with a hungry bear and a mad wolf than with Nick Barnes and Nate Nelson. As for me, my race is run if you conquer me, for I will never surrender to my rival, Floyd Ormsby."

"He will treat you nobly, as a gentleman always treats a fallen foe."

"And do you think that I would bear your colonial major's sympathy in my misfortunes, and the lordly way in which he would return my sword? No; the Wingates' can die, but they always die with set teeth."

"God forgive you for the blood which must flow, Roland Wingate!" replied the old squire, as he drew back. "I can say no more but this: prepare for the assault."

The squire had hardly gained the shelter of the woods

when a movement was seen on the part of the riflemen who held the advance. They extended themselves on the front and flank of the position, occupied by the Tories and Indians, and began to pick off the enemy one by one.

This irregular fire was the more annoying for the reason that they could make no adequate return, and were forced to suffer almost in silence. The Gray Hair was seen in close consultation with Edward Sinclair, and then he picked out a party of five, and hurried off into the woods, hoping somewhere to fall in with traces of Edda Sinclair. Another party of riflemen, skirting the woods, found a place where a growth of low beeches overlooked the traitor camp. They took advantage of this, and climbing the trees, settled themselves comfortably among the branches, and began to pick off the Indians and Tories at their leisure. This unexpected and dangerous attack was terribly annoying to the enemy, and they could make no return. The Indians began to look for some way to escape, and Boyd ran up to his leader and said something to him in a low voice.

"You are right, Dick," he confessed. "The cursed Mohawks won't stand against the regular Continentals, and we must think of some means of escape. Call Painted Hand and hear what he has to say."

Painted Hand was only too glad of the opportunity, and at once pointed out a way to escape.

"Your plan is a good one, chief. But before we can do anything, those riflemen must be driven out of the trees, or they will see what we are doing, and block our game. There are not more than ten of them. Will you drive them out?"

The Mohawk chief, by way of answer, called out fifty of his warriors, and advanced toward the beeches. The riflemen had no notion of being treed like squirrels, and at once rapidly descended, and commenced a hot fire from the ground, which held the Indians in check. This was what the Tories wanted, and leaving half a dozen Mohawks to keep the riflemen employed, so that they would not again take to the trees, Painted Hand silently withdrew most of his men, and sought shelter within the works. Under cover of the fire of the riflemen, to which only an occasional shot made reply, Floyd Ormsby ranged his Continentals for the attack.

They were regular riflemen, but from frequent battles with the British regulars they had felt the power of the bayonet, and knew how useful it was. Each man of Floyd's command carried a peculiar knife with a long, straight blade, and an iron handle which would fit accurately into the muzzle of a rifle. Ormsby had determined to carry the works with the steel only, and at the word the men fixed their strange bayonets, and went out of the woods on a trot, with trailed arms, the substitute for the "right shoulder shift" of these days. As they came out they uttered that peculiar battle yell which had made them famous in that grand campaign in which Burgoyne fell, and was led a captive from the field of Saratoga. They went across the opening at the "double," but they came too late, for not a man, with the exception of a few wounded, was left in the works. They had slipped out in some way, and only a few shattered arms and camp untensils were the prize of the victors.

"Oh, cuss my country!" roared Alpheus Diggs. "Don't this make me b'ile over, slop, spill eout! Oh, lightning Moses! The blamed sneaks have scratched gravel, and got clear eout."

"Where have they gone?"

"Darn 'em, they've follered along the creek cluss tew the bed of the stream. By this time they've got all the north woods behind 'em, and all we kin dew is tew drive 'em."

"We have lost our labor," admitted Edward, sadly.

"Not we!" cried Floyd Ormsby. "I believe that Roland Wingate has lied, and that Edda is still with them."

"Do you really think so?" demanded the squire. "I was inclined to believe him, for he spoke bitterly."

"Be it as it may, we must be on the trail. Send out scouts on the run, Alpheus."

By this time Gray Hair, the Chief had returned empty handed. He was at once sent to find the trail, while the whole force, with the forlorn hope in the van as before, moved cautiously up the stream.

Attawan had not gone far when he was satisfied by the calls which he heard that the enemy had extricated themselves from the bed of the stream, and had scattered into small parties, to meet again at some point further north. It was

an excellent device to annoy the trailers, for out of so many parties, marching by twenty different trails, how could he select the one which was led by Roland Wingate; for it was against this man that the chief wished to work. Suddenly he started and uttered a low cry of delight, as he stooped and picked up a small shining object. It was a button, and one of a peculiar kind, which he had seen upon the hunting coat o Roland Wingate. Out of all the trails, he had by acciden lighted upon the one which he sought.

We left Edda Sinclair powerless before the scintillating eyes of the rattlesnake and ready to meet her death blow.

In that dreadful moment she prayed to the All-powerful to save her if He would, or let her die quickly if she must.

The bushes at the mouth of the hiding place rustled and were cast aside. A moment more, and the head of Nate Nelson appeared.

"I've done it," he cried. "I've sold you to Joe Failing, and he is here to take you to Rollie Wingate. He—oh, my God!"

He had not observed the serpent, but now on his hands and knees, unable to move to the right or left, he saw the monster fling himself into his coil, and then it struck him full in the face, and instantly glided away among the logs, and was seen no more. And Nate the traitor, caught in a new treachery in the pit he digged for others, lay writhing in agony, with the mark of the serpent's fangs upon his face.

"Oh, help me, Joe Failing; do somethin for me, do. I'm bit by the snake. Give me that whisky bottle, and I'm all right."

Failing had dragged him out of the opening, and signed to Edda to come out. She obeyed him gladly, for she feared that the serpent might still be lurking in ambush, and might strike her.

"The whisky, the whisky!" howled Nate. "Quick, or it won't do any good."

"I reckon I won't waste it," muttered Failing with a dark smile. "I don't believe it would cure you, and if it don't some one had better drink it that it will help. Come, Miss Sinclair; we will go."

"What! And leave this man dying here?"

"My good lady, this man came to me and said that for fifty guineas he would show me where you were. The dog is a traitor in all ways, and he had better die."

"See here, Joe," called the villain, eagerly. "Do you see this ring? I'll give it to you if you will give me the whisky."

"I'll take them both," replied Failing. "It is just as well for Rollie Wingate would shoot you if he caught you."

He snatched the rings from the hand of the writhing man and thrust them into his pocket.

"Give me the whisky!" howled Nate, flinging himself desperately upon the half-breed and seizing him by the throat. Curse you, I'll have your life if you don't."

The two men locked in a close grapple. Joe Failing had a knife in his hand, and struck twice before Nelson could stay his hand. But, in his present state a wound was nothing, and he maintained his desperate clutch upon the throat of his enemy, and they rolled upon the earth together. The eyes of Joe Failing were starting from his head, and his protruding tongue seemed to mock them. Suddenly the mad man released his left hand, snatched the canteen from his side, and placed it to his lips.

The canteen contained the strongest kind of whisky, and he drank it as if it were so much water. He removed it once to take breath, and a wild laugh broke from his lips.

"The fool would not give it up, and look at him. This is nectar, wine of Cyprus, ambrosia of the gods."

He again pressed the bottle to his lips, and drank deeply.

"It was your fault, curse you," he hissed, looking at Edda. "I'm a traitor, am I; I sold you to Rollie Wingate, eh? And so you didn't tell me that the snake was there? All right; I'll kill *you*."

Edda darted away, but was quickly caught and dragged back by the mad ruffian.

"If it wa'n't fur you this would never have happened. Look here; I'm going to kill you, and carry you back to Rollie Wingate, and make him a present. Curse it, where is that knife?"

He snatched up the knife which Joe Failing had dropped,

and as he did so, Edda caught at the pistol which he had taken from her, and cocked it, when the madman seized it in both hands, and tried to wrest it from her. It exploded, and she saw him start and drop at her feet with a hollow groan.

"How many more deaths must I witness?" she moaned covering her face.

"I ain't dead yet," and Joe Failing sat up suddenly, grasping her by the wrist. "You ought to have put out while you had the chance."

"Release me, you scoundrel. How dare you hold me?" cried Edda.

"I'll have to take you with me. See here; if I take you to the Yankee camp instead of ours, will you give me these rings?"

"I will see that you get the money for them."

"How much?"

"Four hundred guineas."

"Did you promise that fool that amount of money? It serves him right then, and he deserved to die. I will take you to your father, and be a good Whig from this hour."

"I do not know whether to trust you or not. These men proved so false that I have little faith in you."

"I am not of their kind, although I am for sale, as all men are. You will certainly pay me the money?"

"Yes."

"Then I will take you to Ormsby's camp."

"Not yet, Joe," said a quiet voice.

They turned quickly, and saw Roland, Dick Boyd and a dozen Tories and Indians, who had emerged from a thicket on the right. Edda was again entrapped.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

"It seems that I came just in time. So you intend t turn Whig, Joe?"

"Can't you take a joke, Captain Wingate?" Joe laughed. "I was fooling the girl, so that she would go without trouble, but I should have walked her directly to your camp."

"I don't believe you, Joe Failing, and have half a mind to take you out and shoot you."

"As you wish, captain. I can't say any thing to prove that I am telling the truth."

"I'll try you once more, Joe; at the same time I fear that you were about to betray me. Miss Sinclair, I am glad to meet you, after your little excursion."

"I can not return the compliment. Your feathers seem to be somewhat rumpled since I saw you last. It can not be possible that these ragged Whigs have maltreated you?"

"Curses on them!"

"It is true then; the ridiculous fellows have had the impudence to beat royalist troops! I am very much surprised that they should dare be so criminal and base. Why did you not object to it?"

"You would do well to be more careful," hissed Roland.

"You threaten a woman, then; such conduct well befits you."

"I think we had better be on the way, Cap; you only waste your time when you fight at long range with a woman. I've told you so before, often enough."

"Have your way, Dick; but I have sworn to break this woman's pride, and I will do it, if it takes her life. You hear and understand me, my girl? I have endured all the insult I will at your hands, and once for all, I tell you that you must bend to my will, or I will know the reason."

"Words enough, Roland Wingate. If you break the

stubborn will of which you talk so much, you will surprise me much."

"Away with you, men!" cried Wingate. "We have dallied here too long already, and words are useless. Edda, come with me."

He caught her firmly by the wrist and dragged her after him through the woods.

"Do you know what I am half-tempted to do with you, Edda?"

"I am not curious."

"You should be, for it concerns you far more than you think. I am half-inclined to give you to the chief Painted Hand, who has expressed himself as highly pleased with you, and desires you for a wife."

Edda uttered a cry of horror.

"You do not seem to like the idea. I myself have thought at times that you would do better to marry me, but at the same time you may do as you like."

"You would not be such a fiend as that, Roland. Bad as you are, cruel as you have been to me, I know you better than you know yourself. You would not give me up to another, for the simple reason that you want me yourself."

"You are right; I would kill that painted wretch like a dog if he dared to lay as much as the weight of a finger on you. But you shall either marry me, or go into exile among the Hurons of the Lakes, who will keep you safe for my sake. If you prefer this to my love, so be it; I have nothing more to say."

"I will remain there until I die, sooner than submit."

"A year of hard fare, rough winters, and a rude people, may somewhat change you, my dear. Forward, men; we shall have the cursed Yankees on our backs, if we do not look to ourselves."

The men quickened their pace, and hurried on through the woods. They did not feel at all safe, for they knew how many of the pursuers were woodmen who knew every trail to the north.

"Captain," said Dick Boyd. "I don't like to give you advice, but don't you think it would be better if we tried

to get to one of the Indian villages? They dare not follow us there."

"I will think of it before we meet the rest of the men, and decide what to do. I don't really like to go there, for these Whigs are getting so impudent that I don't know how long it will be before they beat up the Indian quarters. What noise was that?"

"I heard none, except the chirp of the chipmonk."

"I thought it was a signal. The cursed Indians and Yankees may be trailing us."

"I don't think they will do that, even if they have the ability. They have beaten us, and no doubt will be satisfied with that, knowing that it is bad policy to bar the way of a flying enemy, because even the rats, caught in a trap, will turn and fight."

"You may be right; curse these striped squirrels. They are all around us, and it don't seem natural."

The party had halted in a little opening in the pine woods, when the captain had heard the noise which alarmed him. Just then a figure was seen pushing aside the bushes and advancing toward them. It was a rough looking countryman, in tattered buck-skin, with an old fowling-piece thrown over his shoulder. He came singing out into the opening, and as he saw the party, came forward without fear.

"King George forever!" he cried, pulling his white forelock. "Heow de dew, capt'in? I'm dreadful glad to see ye."

"Who are you?"

"Me? don't ye know me, capt'in? I'm Gaff Redney of lower Kinderhook, and I'm goin' to Canada to git away from the blasted Whigs."

"You don't like the Whigs, then?"

"Not much I don't. They've stripped me as clean as Jack Adamses devils, and I'm bound and detarmined to have vengeance on 'em."

"All right, my man; you may come with us, if you like."

"Thankee, capt'in, I'm ever so much obleeged to ye."

The man took his station just behind the captain and Edda, who were in the rear, and in this way they crossed the little opening. The captain, still holding Edda, was

about to follow the last man who had entered the forest path, when he received a blow upon the head which brought him to the earth with a crash, and Edda followed the new recruit, who had dealt the blow, as he plunged into the thicket on the right. At the same moment a party of riflemen dashed out, and formed across the entrance to the path upon which the Tories and Indians had entered, sending a crashing volley into the thicket. As if this had been a signal, at once from every tree and bush arose the concealed riflemen who had been drawing a cordon about the devoted party for the last hour. The stratagem by which Edda had been rescued was carried out to save her from the possibility of harm from the rage of Roland Wingate. The surprise was complete, and Dick Boyd at once threw down his sword, and called out to his men to fling down their weapons.

"We give up, boys," he said, laughing. "You've got us."

The Yankee riflemen swarmed on every side, and surrounded their prisoners. Roland Wingate, half-stunned, rose upon his elbow and looked about him. He saw Floyd Ormsby, with his arm about the slender waist of Edda; Edward Sinclair with his calm smile; Yankee Alpheus, with his malicious grin; and the cold, proud face of the Gray Hair.

"You have beaten me," he was forced to confess, rising slowly. "I would give my life for revenge, but it is useless. Do your will with me."

He made a sudden leap and flashed a broad-bladed dagger above the breast of Alpheus Diggs, who still wore the ragged wig in which he had played the part of Gaff Redney. The blow fell, and all expected to see the brave Yankee go down, when a strong arm was thrust in before the descending knife, and there stood Gray Hair, the Chief, his arm transfixed by the keen weapon, and the same calm smile upon his face.

"I have saved Alpheus," he said, quietly; "for his sake I would die."

Roland was dragged back, blaspheming his bad fortune, as his hands were tightly bound. Then he became silent and from that time until he was sent a prisoner to Albany he would not speak. The party marched back with their prisoners, and camped with the rest of the force at Canada creek.

Their mission was over, the Tory league was scattered, and Edda Sinclair, sitting by her lover's side, with her father and brother near her, and Yankee Alpheus and Gray Hair, the Chief—the latter with his arm in a sling—standing near, told the story of the dangers she had passed from the hour when Joe Failing came upon her in the little cave. The story was so long that they had little thought of sleep, and it was past midnight when they lay down to rest. For Alpheus must tell of the torture by the falling water, and how Gray Hair, the Chief, turned the water aside and saved him. And Attawan told in simple words how he stood upon the rocks, beat down every man who attempted to make the ascent, and plunged down the rocks to attack the four guards, the moment he heard the Tories behind him. With the morning they were on the march, and Roland Wingate, lying in the casemates at Stanwix, with Dick Boyd for a companion, had time to satisfy himself that he had destroyed the last vestige of love which Edda had for him. He was sent to Albany and released on parole, when he exchanged into an East Indian regiment, and they never saw him again.

Two years later there was a wedding at Sinclair's. The Mohawk boys were there in force, and many of Ormsby's rifles. Floyd wore the uniform of a colonel now, and men said that it would not be long before he would don that of a brigadier. Yankee Alpheus was there too, in a captain's uniform, for his good work upon Canada creek had convinced all that he was able to lead men, and lead them well and bravely. There, too, was Gray Hair, the Chief, as calm as ever, watching the ceremony which made Floyd Ormsby and Edda Sinclair man and wife. When the Mohawk boys gave three ringing cheers for the Mohawk beauty and her brave husband, the wedded pair stepped back, and Yawcob Dunder led into the circle Gretchen Onderdonk, the pretty Dutch waiting maid who had ordered him to go in search of her mistress, and they were married. And Squire Sinclair, in the united names of his family, gave the pair a deed for two hundred acres of choice land a few miles up the river. There in an old fashioned house, their descendants dwell to-day, and point with pride to the roer which saved the life of Edward Sinclair, and destroyed the Tory Doxstader.

Floyd Ormsby and Alpheus Diggs fought side by side until the war was done, and then came back to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Alpheus took up land upon Oneida lake; and often, in the clear evening, you would see him at the door with his children at his knees, talking of old days with a gray haired Indian, who spent most of his days at the farm. This man, yet hale and strong, was Gray Hair, the Chief. None was more lamented when he died, full of years, and was laid in the grave by those for whom he had shed his blood.

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The Crimes of Dress. A Colloquy. For two [illegible]
The Reward of Benevolence. For four males.
The Letter. For two males.

DIME DIALOGUES, NO. 5.

[illegible]hree Guesses. For school or parlor.
[illegible]ntiment. A "Three Persons'" Farce.
Behind the Curtain. For males and females.
The Eta Pi Society. Five boys and a teacher.
Examination Day. For several female characters.
Trading in "Traps." For several males.
The School Boys' Tribunal. For ten boys.
A Loose Tongue. Several males and females.
How Not to Get an Answer. For two females.
Putting on Airs. A Colloquy. For two males.
The Straight Mark. For several boys.
Two Ideas of Life. A Colloquy. For ten girls.
Extract from Marino Faliero.
Ma-try-Mony. An Acting Charade.
The Six Virtues. For six young ladies.
The Irishman at Home. For two males.
Fashionable Requirements. For three girls.
A Bevy of I's (Eyes). For eight or less little girls.

DIME DIALOGUES, NO. 6.

The Way They Kept a Secret. Male and females.
The Poet under Difficulties. For five males.
William Tell. For a whole school.
Woman's Rights. Seven females and two males.
All is not Gold that Glitters. Male and females.
The Generous Jew. For six males.
[illegible]ecution. For three males and one female.
The Two Counselors. For three males.
The Votaries of Folly. For a number of females.
Aunt Betsy's Beaux. Four females and two males.
The Libel Suit. For two females and one male.
Santa Claus. For a number of boys.
Christmas Fairies. For several little girls.
The Three Rings. For two males.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 14.

Mrs. Joana Jones. Three gents and two ladies.
The born genius. For four gents.
More than one listener. For four gents and lady.
Who on earth is he! For three girls.
The right not to be a pauper. For two boys.
Woman nature will out. For a girls' school.
Benedict and bachelor. For two boys.
The cost of a dress. For five persons.
The surprise party. For six little girls.
A practical demonstration. For three boys.
Refinement. Acting charade. Several characters.
Conscience, the arbiter. For lady and gent.
How to make mothers happy. For two boys.
A conclusive argument. For two girls.
A woman's blindness. For three girls.
Rum's work (Temperance). For four gents.
The fatal mistake. For two young ladies.
Eyes and nose. For one gent and one lady.
Retribution. For a number of boys.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 15.

...fairies' escapade. Numerous characters
...poet's perplexities. For six gentlemen.
...home cure. For two ladies and one gent.
...e good there is in each. A number of boys.
...ntlemen or monkey. For two boys.
...he little philosopher. For two little girls.
...ent Polly's lesson. For four ladies.
A wind-fall. Acting charade. For a number.
Will it pay? For two boys.
The heir-at-law. For numerous males
Don't believe what you hear. For three m...
A safety rule. For three ladies.
The chief's resolve. Extract. For two ma...
Testing her friends. For several characters.
The foreigner's troubles. For two ladies.
The cat without an owner. Several characters.
Natural selection. For three gentlemen.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 16.

Polly Ann. For four ladies and one gentleman.
The meeting of the winds. For a school.
The good they did. For six ladies.
The boy who wins. For six gentlemen.
Good-by day. A colloquy. For three girls.
The sick well man. For three boys.
The investigating committee. For nine ladies.
A "corner" in rogues. For four boys.
The imps of the trunk room. For five girls.
The boasters. A Colloquy. For two little girls.
Kitty's funeral. For several little girls.
Stratagem. Charade. For several characters.
Testing her scholars. For numerous scholars.
The world is what we make it. Two girls.
The old and the new. For gentleman and lady.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 17.

LITTLE FOLKS' SPEECHES AND DIALOGUES.

To be happy you must be good. For two little girls and one boy.
Evanescent glory. For a bevy of boys.
The little peacemaker. For two little girls.
What parts friends. For two little girls.
Martha Washington tea party. For five little girls in old-time costume
The evil there is in it. For two young boys.
Wise and foolish little girl. For two girls.
A child's inquiries. For small child and teacher.
The cooking club. For two girls and others.
How to do it. For two boys.
A hundred years to come. For boy and girl.
Don't trust faces. For several small boys.
Above the skies. For two small girls.
The true heroism. For three little boys.
Give us little boys a chance; The story of the plum pudding; I'll be a man; A little girl's rights speech; Johnny's opinion of grandmothers; The boasting hen; He knows der rest; A small boy's view of corns; Robby's sermon; Nobody's child; Nutting at grandpa's; Gray's; Little boy's view of how Columbus discovered America; Little girl's view; Little boy's speech on time; A little boy's pocket; The midnight murder; Robby Rob's second sermon; How the baby came; A boy's observations; The new slate; A mother's love; The crowning glory; Baby Lulu; Josh Billings on the bumble-bee, wren, alligator; Died yesterday; The chicken's mistake; The heir apparent; Deliver us from evil; Don't want to be good; Only a drunken fellow; The two little robins; Be slow to condemn; A nonsense tale; Little boy's declamation; A child's desire; Bogus; The goblin cat; Rub-a-dub; Calumny; Little chatterbox; Who are they; A boy's view; The twenty frogs; Going to school; A morning bath; The girl of Dundee; A fancy; In the sunlight; The new laid egg; The little musician; Idle Bar; Pottery-man; Then and now.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 18.

...y wishes. For several characters.
...rose without a thorn. 2 males and 1 female.
...greedy by half. For three males.
...e good turn deserves another. For 6 ladies.
...ourting Melinda. For 3 boys and 1 lady.
The new scholar. For several boys.
The little intercessor. For four ladies.
Antecedents. For 3 gentlemen and 3 ladies.
Give a dog a bad name. For four ...
Spring-time wishes. For six little ...
Lost Charlie; or, the gipsy's revenge. ... merous characters.
A little tramp. For three little boys.
Hard times. For 2 gentlemen and 4 ...
The lesson well worth learning. For two ma... and two females.

DIME DIALOGUES, NO. 19.

An awful mystery. Two females and two males.
Contentinent. For five little boys.
Who are the saints? For three young girls.
California uncle. Three males and three females.
Be kind to the poor. A little folks' play.
How people are insured. A "duet."
Mayor. Acting charade. For four characters.
The smoke fiend. For four boys.
A kindergarten dialogue. For a Christmas Festival. Personated by seven characters.
The use of study. For three girls.
The refined simpletons. For four ladies.
Remember Benson. For three males.
Modern education. Three males and one female.
Mad with too much lore. For three males.
The fairy's warning. Dress piece. For two girls.
Aunt Eunice's experiment. For several.
The mysterious G. G. Two females and one male.
We'll have to mortgage the farm. For one male and two females.
An old-fashioned duet.
The auction. For numerous characters.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 20.

The wrong man. Three males and three females
Afternoon calls. For two little girls.
Ned's present. For four boys.
Judge not. For teacher and several scholars.
Telling dreams. For four little folks.
Saved by love. For two boys.
Mistaken identity. Two males and three females.
Couldn't read English. For 3 males and 1 female.
A little Vesuvius. For six little girls.
"Sold." For three boys.
An air castle. For five males and three females.
City manners and country hearts. For three girls and one boy.
The silly dispute. For two girls and teacher.
Not one there! For four male characters.
Foot-print. For numerous characters.
Keeping boarders. Two females and three males.
A cure for good. One lady and two gentlemen.
The ridiculous wise-acre. For two males.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 21.

A successful donation party. For several.
[illegible] of debt out of danger. For three males and three females.
Little Red Riding Hood. For two children.
How she made him propose. A duet.
The house on the hill. For four females.
Evidence enough. For two males.
Worth and wealth. For four females.
Waterfall. For several.
Mark Hastings' return. For four males.
Cinderella. For several children.
Too much for Aunt Matilda. For three females.
Wit against wife. Three females and one male.
A sudden recovery. For three males.
The double stratagem. For four females.
Counting chickens before they were hatched. For four males.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 22.

The Dark Cupid; or, the mistakes of a morning. For three gentlemen and two ladies.
That Ne'er-do-well; or, a brother's lesson. For two males and two females.
High art; or the new mania. For two girls.
Strange adventures. For two boys.
The king's supper. For four girls.
A practical exemplification. For two boys.
Monsieur Thiers in America; or, Yankee vs. Frenchman. For four boys.
Doxy's diplomacy. 3 females and 'incidentals.'
A Frenchman; or, the outwitted aunt. For two ladies and one gentleman.
Titania's banquet. For a number of girls.
Boys will be boys. For two boys and one girl.
A rainy day; or, the school-girl philosophers. For three young ladies.
God is love. For a number of scholars.
The way he managed. For 2 males, 2 females.
Fandango. Various characters, white and otherwise.
The little doctor. For two tiny girls.
A sweet revenge. For four boys.
A May day. For three little girls.
From the sublime to the ridiculous. For 14 males.
Heart not face. For five boys.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 23.

Rhoda Hunt's remedy. For 3 females, 1 male.
Hans Schmidt's recommend. For two males.
Cheery and Grumble. For two little boys.
The phantom doughnuts. For six females.
Does it pay? For six males.
Company manners and home impoliteness. For two males, two females and two children.
The glad days. For two little boys.
Unfortunate Mr. Brown. For 1 male, 6 females.
The real cost. For two girls.
A bear garden. For three males, two females.
The busy bees. For four little girls.
Checkmate. For numerous characters.
School-time. For two little girls.
Death scene. 2 principal characters and adjuncts.
Dross and gold. Several characters, male and female.
Confound Miller. For three males, two females.
Ignorance vs. justice. For eleven males.
Pedants all. For four females.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 24.

The goddess of liberty. For nine young ladies.
The three graces. For three little girls.
The music director. For seven males.
A strange secret. For three girls.
An unjust man. For four males.
The shop girl's victory. 1 male, 3 females.
The psychometer. 2 gentlemen, 2 ladies.
Mean is no word for it. For four ladies.
Whimsical. A number of characters, both sexes.
Blessed are the peacemakers. Seven young girls.
The six brave men. For six boys.
Have you heard the news?
The true queen. Two young girls.
A slight mistake. 4 males, 1 female, and several auxiliaries.
Lazy and busy. Ten little fellows.
The old and young. 1 gentleman, [illegible]
That postal card. 3 ladies and 1 gentleman.
Mother Goose and her household. A new school fancy dress dialogue and tableau.

DIME DIALOGUES, No. 25.

The [illegible] of the delectables and [illegible] miserables. For two ladies and two gentlemen.
What each would have. 6 little boys & teacher.
Sunshine through the clouds. For four ladies.
The friend in need. For four males.
The hours. For twelve little girls.
In doors and out. For five little boys.
Dingbats. For one male and four females.
The pound of flesh. For three boys.
Beware of the peddlers. 7 mixed characters.
Good words. For a number of boys.
A friend. For a number of little girls.
The true use of wealth. For a whole school.
Gamester. For numerous characters.
Put yourself in his place. For two boys.
Little wise heads. For four little girls.
The regenerators. For five boys.
Crabtree's wooing. Several characters.
Integrity the basis of all success. Two males.
A crooked way made straight. One gentleman and one lady.
How to "break in" young hearts. Two ladies and one gentleman.

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DIME DIALECT SPEAKER, No. 23.

Dat's wat's de matter,
The Miss sippi miracle,
Fen te tide ooms in,
Dose lams vot Mary haf got,
Vat O'Flaherty on woman's rights,
The home rulers, how they "spakes,"
Hezekiah Dawson on Mothers in-law,
He didn't sell the farm,
The true story of Franklin's kite,
I would I were a boy again,
A pathetic story,
All about a bee,
Scandal,
A dark side view,
Te pesser vay,
On learning German,
Mary's shmall vite lamb
A healthy discourse,
Tobias so to speak,
Old Mrs. Grimes,
A parody,
Mars and cats,
Bill Underwood, pilot,
Old Granley,
The pill peddler's oration,
Widder Green's last words,
Latest Chinese outrage,
The manifest destiny of the Irishman,
Peggy McCann,
Sprays from Josh Billings,
De circumstances ob de sitiwation,
Dar's nuffin new under de sun,
A Negro religious poem,
That violin,
Picnic delights,
Our candidate's views,
Dundreary's wisdom,
Plain language by truthful Jane,
My neighbor's dogs,
Condensed Mythology
Pictus,
The Nereides,
Legends of Attica,
The stove-pipe tragedy
A doketor's drubbles,
The coming man
The illigant shair at Muldoon's,
That little baby in the corner,
A genewine infare
An invitation to
bird of liberty,
The crow,
Out west.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 26.

Poor cousins. Three ladies and two gentlemen.
Mountains and mole-hills. Six ladies and several spectators.
A test that did not fail. Six boys.
Two ways of seeing things. Two little girls.
Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Four ladies and a boy.
All is fair in love and war. 3 ladies, 2 gentlemen.
How uncle Josh got rid of the legacy. Two males, with several transformations.
The lesson of mercy. Two very small girls.
Practice what you preach. Four ladies.
Politician. Numerous characters.
The canvassing agent. Two males and two females.
Grub. Two males.
A slight scare. Three females and one male.
Embodied sunshine. Three young ladies.
How Jim Peters died. Two males.

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